

# THE FAVORITE

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## FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

## TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

### A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

##### A MORNING'S WORK OF THE CAPTAIN'S.

The crowd of Gascon gentlemen, pages, valets, lacqueys and pike-men who guarded and blocked up the approaches to the palace of the Duc d'Epéron, situated close to the Vieille-du-Temple, rendered the dwelling of the favorite indisputably more difficult of access than the Louvre.

Roland de Maurevert knew all that sort of thing too well to allow himself to be impeded by such an obstacle. In deference to the dashing, half-threatening air he assumed on presenting himself, he was freely allowed to enter the waiting-hall.

"Monsieur," he said, addressing a Gascon whose costume, at once seedy and pretentious, announced poverty and self-esteem combined, "will you be so good as to tell me—if I am not mistaken in supposing you to be one of the familiars of the house—why Monsieur le Duc does not at once receive me? I am so little accustomed to the ways of ante-chambers, that I am fearful of cutting a ridiculous figure by remaining here any longer unannounced."

"Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron is at the present moment in conference with Monsieur le Duc de Joyeuse," replied the Gascon, very drily.

"Thank you. That is reason the more why I should be introduced without delay. I shall not be sorry to shake hands with the dear Seigneur d'Arques. I have just arrived off a journey, and it is some time since we have seen one another. He will be delighted to see me."

At the assured manner in which De Maurevert pronounced these words, the Gascon bowed to the ground, and, springing towards a footman who was passing, brought him to the adventurer.

"Go and inform your master," said the captain, in a tone of majestic authority, "that a gentleman, one of his friends, desires to see him immediately, on an affair of the highest importance, and which admits of no delay."

"Whom am I to announce, monsieur?"

"Nobody; I desire to preserve the strictest incognito."

The valet looked askance at De Maurevert, but on observing his magnificent appearance, decided upon obeying him.

"Monsieur," said the Gascon, as soon as the valet was gone, "may I beg you will not be offended at the question I am about to ask you. The disturbed state of my mind must be my excuse for my importunity. I have just lost my purse containing ten crowns. Now that sum, insignificant as it was, constituted my whole fortune; for I gave five thousand livres yesterday to my mistress, and lost ten thousand crowns at the gaming table last night. I should therefore not be sorry to repossess myself of these miserable ten crowns. You have not by any chance found them on your way?"

"No, monsieur," replied De Maurevert, gravely; "I have found only one crown."



"DE MAUREVERT LEAVING THE DUC D'EPERON'S PALACE."

"Only one! How very singular! It really must be admitted that rascals have strange ways sometimes. Why should my thief have left one crown behind him?" cried the Gascon, holding out his hand, into which the adventurer dropped the piece of money.

"That arises from want of virtue," murmured De Maurevert, looking with an air of pity after the Gascon, who had hastily left him to throw himself in the way of a person who had just entered the waiting-hall. "This man is young, robust, well-made, carries a sword, and yet asks charity. What a sad falling is idleness!—it leads us to utter forgetfulness of personal dignity!"

The return of the footman interrupted the adventurer in his philosophical reflections. The Duc d'Epéron consented to receive *incognito* the seigneur, who announced himself as having such urgent business to communicate.

After passing through several magnificently decorated rooms, De Maurevert was shown into the sleeping chamber of the *mignon*, whose dressing was being completed by his valets.

D'Epéron, standing in front of a table laden with papers, and on the edge of which he rested his hand, was reading with much attention a parchment filled with beautiful writing. His rival in the king's favor, the Duc de Joyeuse, was half lying in a large arm-chair, and amusing himself by blowing comfits through a tube against a large watch-clock hung against one of the wall tapestries. So warmed and excited was he with his work of destruction as not to notice the adventurer's arrival.

"Tudieu!—I have lost the effect of my entrance!" thought the captain, with vexation.

Suddenly the Duc d'Epéron turned towards him.

"Oh! it is you, Monsieur de Maurevert, is it?" he said, abruptly.

"Why not, Monsieur le Duc?" asked the adventurer, boldly. "Does my presence appear to

you so inconvenient, that you should be unable to hide the discontent it causes you? What the devil, monseigneur!—I am not such a pitiful person as to be treated in that manner."

"The Captain has not had a pleasant waking this morning," said De Joyeuse, who, having succeeded in breaking the long hand of the clock, had thrown down his tube. "Good day, captain—what news? Have you killed anybody since yesterday?"

"Not yet, monseigneur?"

"You are making holiday then, De Maurevert?"

"No, monseigneur, quite the contrary—I am just entering upon two big pieces of business."

"Dear De Maurevert—always the same!—with an activity and conscience proof against everything! Do you know, De Maurevert, I have always felt a weakness towards you. Your sword-thrusts delight me."

"You confuse me with joy and pride," replied the adventurer. "The fact is that, after you, I believe I am the most skillful swordsman in the kingdom."

"After me, De Maurevert! Are you speaking sincerely?—are you not trying to flatter me?"

"What good would that do me, monseigneur? I am not a solicitor—an ante-chamber haunter."

"So you really think that if we were to fight I should have the advantage?" replied De Joyeuse.

"No, monseigneur; on the contrary, I should kill you. I can well understand your astonishment at this apparent contradiction. Your method of fencing, Monsieur le Duc, is that of a great nobleman—generous, bold, imprudent, liberal; mine, that of a poor devil of a gentleman who has to gain his living—circumspect, artful, sneaking, infallibly safe. You study fighting as an art; I as a business. That is all the difference. If your position were changed to-morrow, and you were obliged to rely on your sword for the means of subsistence, I am per-

suaded that you would become of equal force with myself; or, as you possess more eloquence, that I should have to recognize in you my superior."

This response agreeably tickled the self-esteem of the young favorite.

"Come, De Maurevert," he said in an affable tone, "tell me and Epéron what these two big affairs are in which you are engaged. I have always been pleased with your manner of telling a story. Some lady-love in the case, no doubt?"

"No, monseigneur. Some insult to avenge?"

"This time you have guessed aright."

"Do you know, De Maurevert, what, if I were in your place, would considerably cool my ardor?—the idea that I was fighting for a coward!"

"Monseigneur, you are this time on the wrong track. I am employed by a gentleman who cannot obtain satisfaction by arms for a grave wrong, and who has, therefore, to punish the refusal of his adversary to meet him face to face."

"That is an excellent cause, De Maurevert. And your second affair?"

"Ah! that is altogether different. It concerns a great nobleman—very brave, doubtless, but proud to excess—who, fearing to compromise his rank by accepting the challenge of a simple gentleman, has decided to have him assassinated!"

"Somewhat doubtful as to morality, that, De Maurevert. Unless he is a prince of the blood, or a seigneur very highly placed, he has no right to decline the challenge of a simple gentleman."

"The fact is, monseigneur, that the subject is open to discussion."

"And tell me, De Maurevert, what are the names of your clients? We promise, Epéron and me, the most perfect discretion."

"On your honor, Monsieur le Duc?"

"On my honor."

"Excuse me for still further insisting, monseigneur. You have, if I do not deceive myself, formally engaged yourself never to reveal to any person—not even to the king—any of the details which, with the desire of obeying your wishes, I am about to confide to you? You must further promise me that, should my revelations in any respect offend you, you will not attempt, in any way, to act to my injury."

"Yes, a hundred times, yes, I promise!" cried De Joyeuse.

"I am thoroughly reassured, then, as to the consequences of my indiscretion. Question me, monseigneur—I will answer."

"In the first place, what is the name of the gentleman who, having been unable to obtain satisfaction of his adversary, has confided to your skill the care of his vengeance?"

"The Chevalier Sforzi, monseigneur."

At the name of Sforzi the Duc d'Epéron started, and his friend De Joyeuse cast a rapid and significant glance at him.

"And against whom does the Chevalier Sforzi count on employing your rare talents?" inquired De Joyeuse, hastily.

"Against Monseigneur le Duc d'Epéron," replied De Maurevert, coolly.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed De Joyeuse, bursting into a fit of laughter. "It is becoming delightfully droll. And now, as to the second affair?"

"That of the great nobleman who, fearing to



compromise his dignity, has resolved on assassinating his adversary?"

"Exactly. What is the name of this extremely prudent nobleman, De Maurevert?"

"Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron."

At this reply, De Joyeuse threw himself back in his chair, and gave free vent to his boisterous hilarity.

"Monsieur de Maurevert," said the Duc d'Epéron, who had so far taken no part in the conversation, "it appears to me that you have not understood either the presumption nor the insolence of your dangerous replies. 'Take care that this very instant!'"

"Monseigneur," interrupted De Maurevert, "I take the liberty to remind you that Monsieur le Duc de Joyeuse has guaranteed in your name as well as his own that no harm shall come to me on account of what I have just said. The least violence offered to my person would dishonor Monsieur de Joyeuse; I therefore brave your anger."

"My good friend Epéron," cried De Joyeuse, whose gaiety instantly disappeared and gave place to a serious air, "Monsieur de Maurevert is right: we are bound to him."

"Not at all," said d'Epéron, quickly. "We have given this man no promise, my dear De Joyeuse, to let his lies and calumnies go unpunished. Now, I swear that I have never commissioned him to kill the Chevalier Sforzi."

"It is true, monseigneur," replied the captain, coolly, "that it is not to me personally, but to my cousin Louviers, you have given the commission; but, in consideration of a sum of money I am to pay him, my cousin has transferred the engagement to me. With me, therefore, rests the task of waylaying and killing the Chevalier Sforzi."

A somewhat protracted silence followed. D'Epéron, tacitly admitting his defeat, was ruminating vengeance. The Duc de Joyeuse was the first to renew the broken conversation.

"Truly d'Epéron," he said, "it would be a pity to spoil the gaiety of this charming interview; will you let me go on with my questions?—Yes; thanks. Dear De Maurevert, the position of things—if I am not mistaken—is this: you have to kill Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron on account of Monsieur Sforzi, and to kill Monsieur Sforzi on account of the Duc d'Epéron?"

"Your statement of the case is rigorously exact, monseigneur."

"Very good. Will you now tell us what are your intentions? Do you accept this double mission?"

"Certainly, monseigneur."

"So you propose to kill my beloved brother, d'Epéron?"

"I will at least do my best to that end."

"And afterwards you will kill the Chevalier Sforzi?"

"Afterwards or before, according as circumstances may present themselves more or less favorably; but I shall certainly kill him."

"I am astonished greatly, good De Maurevert, that you, who are so prudent and reticent in business, should not yet have thought of one thing."

"I think I have taken everything into consideration, monseigneur."

"Not, I think, the penalty of the rack and the wheel, which would crown your double exploit. You would have labored simply for the benefit of the executioner, who would inherit your spoils."

"Oh, no, no, monseigneur!" cried De Maurevert, with a cunning smile. "In the first place, whatever may be the friendship felt by his majesty for Monsieur d'Epéron, he would be obliged to behold me, because I am of noble race, and claim the right of axe and block. In the next place, Monsieur d'Epéron once defunct, you cannot suppose that I should amuse myself by strolling about the streets of Paris. The means of flight, which I have already prepared, will enable me to pass without danger into a foreign country; once there, I shall take service, and tranquilly continue to follow the profession of arms. And now, who knows?—perhaps—the thought cuts me to the heart—Monsieur de Guise may one day find himself upon the throne of France! My position would then incontinently be changed from that of exile to that of favorite. Monsieur de Guise would know how to reward me for the death of the Duc d'Epéron. I should be overwhelmed with honors, dignities and offices. I assure you, monseigneur, that the more I think of the matter, the more I am convinced that, from all points of view, it is extremely advantageous to me."

"Enough of this absurdity!" interrupted the Duc d'Epéron, very pale. "Captain, you may go."

De Maurevert rose at once, but at a sign made to him by d'Epéron, and which he understood, De Joyeuse recalled him.

"De Maurevert," he said, "come soon to my house. I shall not be sorry to have a bout of fencing with you."

"I will not fail. Will you now permit me to address an observation to you, Monsieur le Duc?"

"What is it?"

"It is that during the present interview you have done me the honor to address me in terms of the kindest familiarity."

"What then?"

"When this happens, I always imagine, in spite of myself, that I am in the presence of a friend."

"And what follows?"

"I have contracted a bad habit of borrowing money of my friends," continued the adventurer, "and I am anxious to excuse myself to you, monseigneur, if the impulse should come upon me on the present occasion."

"He has, to his own share, as much wit as a whole company of free-lances, this dear captain!" cried De Joyeuse, laughing heartily. "Here is my purse, De Maurevert. I don't know how much it contains; but as I shall still continue to treat you as a friend, if you find the sum insufficient, you, on your side, will not hesitate to address me as a reliable friend."

The duke's purse contained two hundred crowns in gold. De Joyeuse justly passed as the most generous and magnificent of all the nobles of the Court of Henry III.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

On quitting the cabinet of the Duc d'Epéron, De Maurevert passed with majestic step through the vast rooms crowded with suitors, and cast a look of pity on these hungry creatures, attracted thither by the great credit of the *mignon*.

"Monsieur," he said, addressing the tattered Gascon who had found a valet to announce him on his arrival, "two words with you, if you please."

"Twenty, monseigneur!" replied the Gascon, bowing to the ground.

Followed by the poor fellow, De Maurevert continued his way until he was outside of the palace.

"Monsieur," he said, "the dishonesty of the man who robbed you has not greatly profited him, for I have found two more of your stolen crowns. Here they are."

The son of the Garonne once more overwhelmed De Maurevert for his generosity, and continued to pour forth his thanks long after the captain was out of hearing range.

"*Morbleu!*" cried the adventurer, "I am pleased with myself. At bottom I am an excellent fellow, as this sudden impulse of charity testified; for indeed what interest have I to serve in giving two crowns to this Gascon? None! I have simply given way to a good movement of my heart. The idea that this Gascon, who is an entire stranger to me, may be enabled to pass a pleasant day is agreeable to me. Yes, I am decidedly a thousand times better than I am reputed to be. But now let me reflect a little on the present situation of things. Does my double-dealing with d'Epéron constitute a trait of genius or an act of consummate clumsiness? I know not. In any case, I was boldly inspired. That I made the proud Lavalette afraid is beyond doubt; he was certainly very much afraid. The question is whether his fears will be favorable or prejudicial to the chevalier's interests."

"Believing himself to be in danger, d'Epéron will now employ in his own defence—at least I hope so—the resources he had intended to use against Sforzi. That, at all events, will make a useful diversion. Besides, I have not yet said my last word. When the proud *mignon* sends me an ambassador, as he will, I will go to the bottom of the question. I will undertake to abandon my imaginary project, on his reimbursing me the pretended sum I expect to receive for killing him, and the five hundred crowns which my honored cousin has agreed to give me for the death of Raoul. Yes, yes; I foresee that I shall succeed in coming to an arrangement with Monsieur d'Epéron. He is vindictive, but he is utterly wanting in stoicism. Yes, yes; I shall certainly make a handsome gain out of my friendship for Raoul!"

De Maurevert lightly stroked the ends of his long moustaches, and started forward at such a rapid pace that a trotting horse would have had some difficulty in keeping up with him.

While the captain was busy with the means of bringing to a successful end the project which had entered his mind, Messieurs the Ducs de Joyeuse and d'Epéron were engaged in serious conversation.

"My dear d'Epéron," said d'Arques, "I owe it to the unalterable friendship by which we are united, not to withhold any portion of the truth from you. Your unfortunate rencontre with this accursed Sforzi has made a great noise. People are astonished that you have allowed the deadly insult to which you have been subjected by this vagabond to go unpunished. I will not conceal from you that a part of the blame excited by your doubtful conduct, by your want of presence of mind, falls back upon the king and upon your very humble servant. It is openly said that the Quéluses, the Maugrions, and others, have no successors—that our swords are as patient as theirs were hasty! People affect to doubt. You know how we are envied, and consequently detested, by the mob. People, I say, affect to doubt the solidity of our courage! Death and carnage!—the thought made me so furious that for two days I have been seeking everywhere a cause of quarrel. Somebody I must kill!"

"Calm yourself, dear brother," interrupted d'Epéron, coolly; "our position is too highly raised for calumny to reach us. What matters to us the prattle of the crowd?"

"*Morbleu!*—dear d'Epéron, nobody holds their ill opinion in greater contempt than myself, since, after all, it is a portion of the homage rendered to our power. Have I not twenty times, to show how little I fear them, paid out of my own purse the authors of the pasquinades and satires published against us? But this time, unfortunately, it is not only a question of the opinion of the court and the city; the king also is concerned."

"The king!—in what way?"

"Beloved d'Epéron, our brother Henry is dissatisfied. Have you not observed that since your adventure with Sforzi he exhibits towards us a certain coldness? I allow that your favor

has nothing to dread from this slight cloud; the affection entertained for you by Henry is unquestionably solid; but it is not the less true that he is mortified—pained. You know what Henry is, dear brother. The idea that we may be killed in single combat makes him turn pale and tremble; but though sorrow for our loss were to carry him to his grave, he would never forbid us to fight. Henry is excessively touchy on the point of honor. Nobody better than he understands the duties of a gentleman."

"So," answered d'Epéron, thoughtfully, "you are of opinion that a meeting between me and this Sforzi is necessary?"

"In good faith, my dear friend, yes."

"What!—you would have me descend to the level of this adventurer? You must be mad, De Joyeuse! I have often observed the facility with which you compromise our dignity. Dear brother, if you and I occupy a post so elevated that princes themselves envy us, it is not because chance has aided us, but because we are greatly superior to all by whom we are surrounded. I fight with this, Sforzi!—Oh! That would be too good a joke! The inequality of the stakes makes the game impossible. Where I have been wrong is in not having killed the fellow on the spot. Within twenty-four hours I will repair my fault."

"Take care what you do, d'Epéron? Reflect well before acting. It will be said that you have had recourse to assassination because you have wanted courage to fight."

"People may say what they like!" cried d'Epéron, violently; "but they shall see that, at least, those who dare to insult me—die!"

"May I tell you one thing, beloved d'Epéron?" asked De Joyeuse, after a moment's silence. "It is that I feel sure Sforzi will come out of all this with advantage. I do wrong, perhaps, in telling you this. A few days ago, I consulted the astrologer, Albatia concerning you."

"Oh!—he has gone back to the practice of sorcery, has he?"

"Do not speak lightly of astrology," replied De Joyeuse, gravely; "it is an infallible science. Albatia is never wrong."

"And what has the infallible Albatia predicted of me?"

"He has predicted that if you obstinately persist in pursuing a young man of whom he gave me a description—and that description tallies in an extraordinary manner with Sforzi—you will die by the stroke of a poignard! Now, Albatia knows no more about Sforzi than he does about the projects of De Maurevert. Does not that at least strike you as being very singular? I admit that hearing that rascal just now confess to you, with the splendid impudence which belongs to him alone, his sinister projects against your person, I felt a shudder pass through my body. This De Maurevert is a cunning and determined fellow, a rough swordsman. He is moreover endowed—it must in justice be admitted—with unequalled modesty; he makes no attempt to push himself forward, and never sings his own praises; therefore, when he advances anything, it may be taken for certain."

"If the constellations take part against me," replied d'Epéron, affecting a gaiety which was completely contradicted by the pallor of his visage, "there remains for me nothing but to mount my horse and fly as fast I can out of the kingdom."

"You do wrong to jest, beloved brother; but I have done my duty. I came this morning to warn you, and I have warned you; my conscience is now at rest. Good day, brother; I must now return to Henry."

The Duc de Joyeuse, after embracing d'Epéron, was about taking his departure when the latter called him back.

"You are going to see De Maurevert shortly?" he asked, with an air of embarrassment.

"Yes, dear friend. Have you any proposition to make to him?"

"I treat with the captain as equal to equal? You are out of your senses! But though I attach no importance to his threats, I think it will be convenient to me to get rid of him; he might impede me in the course of my vengeance. Whatever you promise him, I will agree to; whatever you engage to do, I will carry out."

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

It was almost two o'clock in the afternoon. Raoul, fearing to disturb the rest of which Diane, who had not slept the night before, stood so greatly in need, had not ventured to return to the young girl's side. But, conquered at length by impatience, he was preparing to go out, when he saw De Maurevert enter the door of the Stag's Head.

"*Parbleu!*—I am back just in time," cried the captain. "A little later, and dear Raoul would have trusted himself alone in the streets of Paris."

"I do not understand you, De Maurevert."

"These lovers are never for conversation! To speak more clearly, then, after an attempt on your life which so nearly succeeded last night, it is necessary for you to take precautions. For the future, you must not go out except in my company?"

"You are jesting, captain?"

De Maurevert shrugged his shoulders without replying, and contented himself with following the young man.

On reaching the street, Sforzi perceived, in front of the hostelry, a troop composed of fifteen horsemen perfectly armed, drawn up in battle array.

"Who are these men, and what do they want?" he inquired of De Maurevert in an undertone.

"These people are your servants, and they desire to see that you are allowed to pass along in peace!" replied the captain. "There is no necessity for you to open so wide your eyes, and to torture your brain to understand. I have spent the greater part of this morning in recruiting this troop of brave fellows. It is agreed that I am to pay each two francs a day, in addition to feeding for themselves and horses, and that they are to obey all my orders strictly. It is a costly bargain, but necessary. You will give me an undertaking to reimburse me my outlay in your defence, will you not, my dear Raoul? But, into the saddle! I long to see myself at the head of my troop! By all the treasures of Plutus!—we shall make a brave appearance! We shall be taken for high and mighty seigneurs! Who knows?—this may help me to conclude a brilliant marriage? As to my dear and honored cousin—let him not take it into his head to be otherwise than civil, should we chance to meet again! Mount, chevalier!—Mademoiselle d'Erlanges is waiting for you!"

The moment would have been ill-chosen to address any remonstrance to the captain; deferring all he was impelled to say, therefore, Raoul mounted his horse. De Maurevert instantly turned to his army, and, in a ringing voice, cried:

"Attention!—march!"

The escort moved forward at a trot.

As soon as the two companions reached Diane's house, De Maurevert dismounted, and, with a superb air, threw the bridle of his horse to one of his men. As to Raoul, before the captain had even crossed the threshold of the door, he was in the presence of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges.

At the outset the conversation of the lovers was of an utterly disconnected kind—they were so happy to see each other again, they had so much to say to each other, so many explanations to ask! After listening for awhile, and not without giving signs of impatience, to the charming talk in which the two young people appeared to find so great a delight, De Maurevert determined at length to give the conversation a more ordinary character.

"Chevalier Sforzi, and you, Mademoiselle d'Erlanges," he said, "pray cease your childish discourse. The position in which we are placed is grave enough to occupy our most serious attention."

"Mademoiselle Diane has generously forgiven me—what more have I to desire?" cried Raoul. "Can anything be wanting to my happiness?"

"What is wanting to your happiness?" repeated the captain, in an ironical tone, and shrugging his shoulders, "something essential—its stability, its duration. *Morbleu!*—does it strike you as being pleasant to pass along a road lined with assassins and studded with daggers? To observe your mad security, and hear your gay talk, one would imagine that everybody was striving to render himself as pleasant as possible to you—that everybody was bent on helping you to your felicity! By the helmet of Madame Minerva!—it is not in the least so—quite otherwise. Let us not be blinded by pleasure, but see things as they are in reality, and not as you look at them, through the prism of love. I begin with you, chevalier; presently I will deal with Mademoiselle d'Erlanges."

"Madame de Montpensier, the most vindictive woman in France; Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron, the most powerful man of the day; and, finally, the Marquis de la Tremblais, a knave of the worst sort—all desire your death! You have neither more nor less than roused the houses of Valois and Lorraine against you. What defence have you against the forces of your enemies? Remarkable imprudence, a great deal of temerity, and the friendship of bold Captain de Maurevert. Your imprudence is beyond question, your temerity would bring you to destruction, and were it not for the devotion of that valiant and knowing De Maurevert, I should already advise you to consider yourself as no longer belonging to earth."

"Alas, captain, you are right!" cried Diane, pale and trembling. "Oh! I conjure you, do not abandon Monsieur Sforzi. You alone are capable of getting him out of this horrible position!"

"That is true, mademoiselle," replied De Maurevert, coolly; "but to attain this happy and difficult result, it is necessary that the chevalier should blindly follow my advice."

"He will follow it, captain."

"I doubt it. But, in any case, I shall have done my duty, and secured my conscience against remorse, which is all-important."

"Speak, captain—speak!"

"The simplest common sense will point out to Raoul the means he must employ. The first thing for him to do is to get into the good graces of Monsieur d'Epéron. Diane!—I admit that the task is difficult, but it is not, I think, impossible. Monsieur is not free from apprehension as to projects of the chevalier's relating to him. If Raoul, by some public and conspicuous act, were to humiliate himself before the haughty *mignon*, and requested of him forgiveness of the past, it is probable—nay, certain, that Monsieur d'Epéron would not rest insensible to this advance. His self-love satisfied, his pusillanimity reassured—for, between you and us it is said, the duke is a little wanting in courage—Raoul would end by gaining his cause."

"Captain," interrupted Sforzi, warmly, "do you take me for a coward that you venture to propose such shameful means to me?"



"You see, mademoiselle," continued De Maurevert, tranquilly, indicating Raoul by a significant toss of the head, "that is as he always is. Instead of listening he flies into a passion, and instead of receiving thankfully my good-natured advice, he insults and threatens me. But there!—I love him in spite of all. Oblige me, Raoul, by allowing me to go on without interrupting me."

"Yes, go on, captain—go on," cried Diane, eagerly.

"Raoul reconciled with the duke, the horizon of our unfortunate friend would be very appreciably cleared. Relieved of the house of Valois, we pass to the house of Lorraine. The Duc d'Epéron hates the Duchess de Monpensier with all his soul—if the dear nobleman has one—and it would be a great satisfaction to him to checkmate her in her projects. That is the point at which brave Captain de Maurevert would appear on the scene. With that rare ingenuity which distinguishes him, he would speedily find means, while preserving entire right on his side, to rouse the duchess to such fury against him as to treat him with a high hand and drive him from her presence; whereupon, freed from the engagements which at present bind him to Madame la Duchesse de Monpensier, he would proceed straight to the Duc d'Epéron, inform him of my misadventure, and make him the offer of my services. The duke and the captain once in each other's presence, it is impossible that something new, bold, serious, should not come from the contact of two such active and intelligent minds. Monseigneur d'Epéron—my impartiality compels me to render him this justice—is a man of resource and action; and, by putting our heads together, he and I, we should certainly finish by triumphing over the house of Lorraine."

"The Marquis de la Tremblais remains to be dealt with. This nobleman, powerful and almost invulnerable as he is in his strong castle of Auvergne, is no more than a simple mortal in Paris. He never goes about except well guarded, it is true; but have not I also a troop of brave fellows at my command? chosen with a care, a tact, a discernment, mademoiselle, of which I alone am capable of exercising! All men reared in theft, broken in to murder, hot in fight, hungry for plunder—all scoundrels who have at least twenty times deserved the gallows, the wheel, and the stake; in a word, the flower of the bandits of Lutetia! I meet the marquis, then, and he looks at me askance; I frown at him and swear—he grows angry; the fight instantly begins; the shops are hastily shut, pistols crack, swords clatter, and—Lucifer exterminate me!—if before five minutes are past, the escort of the Marquis de la Tremblais is not in flight, and their master stretched on the ground as dead as he can be made. Such, dear Sforzi, and you, gentle demoiselle, are my projects."

"Humiliate myself before Monsieur Lavalette—that *parvenu* of yesterday!" cried Raoul. "Never, De Maurevert, never! Mademoiselle," he continued sadly, after a slight pause, "if you truly love me, if you have confidence in me, there is but one course for us to pursue—that of expatriating ourselves. Far from France—in the Low Countries, in Italy, or in Spain—I shall find glorious and loyal employment for my sword. I have left behind me some reputation in Piedmont, and I do not doubt that wherever I may present myself my services would be readily accepted."

"Happy inspiration!" interrupted De Maurevert, in a bantering tone, "to associate the fate of her you love with your present misfortune and the dangers of a long journey—that is what is called exhibiting devotion, giving proof of generosity and unselfishness!"

"Monsieur Sforzi," cried Diane, interposing, so as not to give the young man time to reply to the captain's sarcasms, "I thoroughly appreciate your proposition; it springs from a noble heart, a generous nature; but, alas! it is impossible for me to accept it. Chevalier, when, just now, I heard you refuse with noble indignation to humiliate yourself to Monsieur d'Epéron, my heart bounded with joy! Your pride is truly that of a loyal gentleman. I, also, have my pride, and that pride imperiously commands me not to fly, not to quit France."

"What do you say, mademoiselle?" interrupted De Maurevert.

"I say, captain, that I owe it to the name I bear to continue the struggle in which I am engaged to the end. I say that I have no right to expatriate myself, leaving behind me the Château de Taue and the Comté de Erlanges in the hands of a coward and a thief. I attach no importance to fortune, and undeserved poverty has nothing in it to make me fear; but, *noblesse oblige*, captain, and I will not quail before the duties it imposes."

"Mademoiselle," cried Raoul with enthusiastic admiration, "if anything could render you in my eyes greater, more perfect, more adorable, than you are, it would be the virtuous pride you have now exhibited, of which I did not before know you to be possessed. You are right, a thousand times right! Oh! is it possible that heaven will not reward so much virtue and courage? I have a presentiment that, before long, a brilliant triumph will recompense your heroic resolution."

"I do not believe in presentiments," said De Maurevert; "the word is void of sense. I understand only what is logical. Nevertheless, I declare to you, my dear mademoiselle, that your courage pleases me. I find it wholly out of place; but, I repeat, it pleases me. Let us try and talk a little more reasonably. On what hope, mademoiselle, do you found the success of your project?"

"I trust in heaven, captain, and my wish is immediately to address myself to his Majesty the King of France."

"Alas, mademoiselle!—the saying is, Help yourself and heaven will help you," to which I add: 'Do not count on the king.' Be sure of it, Diane—I beg your pardon for treating you with such familiarity, but sometimes it really seems to me as if you were my daughter—be sure of it, that from the moment the Duc d'Epéron is no longer with us, and when, consequently, we cannot longer look for the countenance of De Joyeuse, the gates of the Louvre will be shut and triply barred against us. The king is a sort of phantom of doubtful sex, who speaks, acts, shows itself, and disappears at the will and pleasure of Messieurs d'Epéron and De Joyeuse. By himself, the king has no existence. He is the reflection of his favorites—nothing more."

"Now, I ask you, would it ever be possible for you, without quitting your reserve, without sacrifice to your dignity, to succeed in gaining the good graces of De Joyeuse and D'Epéron?—I doubt it. These young insolents have such a detestable opinion of women, that they would never understand the nobleness of your solicitations, the sanctity of your proceedings; they would only see in you an ambitious young girl, and heaven only knows at what point their impudent pretensions might stop. Besides these noblemen, there is the queen, and the queen-mother: the first, wrapped up in her devotions, would never consent to protect a young girl professing the so-called reformed religion. As regards the second—that is to say, Madame Catherine, it is altogether different; she would willingly aid you with her immense credit, fervent Catholic as she is—if she had anything to gain by so doing! Undertake to detach some powerful Huguenot chief from his party, or instill into her the idea of some dark and profitable treason, and then she will help you warmly. But except on these conditions, you have nothing to expect from her. You see, my gentle Diane, there is absolutely no ground for your presentiments."

A long silence followed these extremely discouraging remarks. It was Sforzi who was the first to continue the conversation.

"Mademoiselle Diane," he cried, "the captain is right. It is not possible for you to set foot within that wild-beast lair called the Louvre; but where you cannot go I can go. Trust your interests to me—give me full power, and I swear before heaven that justice shall be done to you! I do not believe in all that De Maurevert has told us as to the nullity and powerlessness of his majesty. The glorious title of a king is so great, so divine, as to place those who bear it high above humanity! That Henry III. has his weaknesses is, alas! only too certain; but I remain none the less convinced that there are times when the man disappears before the majesty. The king has had, and still has, to suffer much from the insolence, pretension, and pride of the nobles of his kingdom. I feel sure that my complaints will awaken in him the sentiment of his wounded dignity, and find an echo in his heart! I beseech you, Diane, not to attempt anything yourself until I have failed."

"By Monsieur Cicero!" cried De Maurevert—"you have now expressed yourself with a fire that advantageously replaces eloquence! After all, who knows?—have I not often seen the recklessness of youth succeed when the experience of ripe age could do nothing? Try, Raoul, try. Only—what steps are you going to take to reach the king?"

"I have a means, captain."

"Aha!—let us see it."

"I request on the contrary, your permission to keep it secret."

"It is a very bad means, then?"

"That I do not know. If it is a good means, it will not become better by my imparting it to you; if doubtful, you would only discourage me by adverse criticism, and thus render it still less efficacious. I prefer, therefore, to keep it to myself."

"Faith, that is not badly reasoned, for a young man!" said De Maurevert. "And when, dear Raoul, do you propose to see the king?"

"To-morrow, captain."

(To be continued.)

## HOW MY GRANDMOTHER LOST A DAY.

When my grandfather died, my grandmother, finding her house too large as well as too expensive to maintain, determined on leaving it; and, with that view, commenced seeking for a residence, smaller and more suitable, a little out of town. Suburb after suburb was searched, till at last her fancy rested on an old-fashioned red brick house in "a quiet neighborhood."

The house itself was, perhaps, rather more extensive than she cared for; but it had one great attraction in her eyes—a large garden at the back, in which, with its shady trees and high walls, she fancied she could walk or sit unobserved by her neighbors.

Thither she prepared to move; but a few weeks' delay was required, owing to the somewhat dilapidated state of the house—it having been untenanted for some time. Accordingly, workmen were sent in, and all that was necessary seemed approaching completion. During this interval, people in the vicinity began to throw out hints about the house—nothing definite, but such as—

"I should not care to live in that house," (A strong emphasis on "that.")

"Is it haunted?" said my grandmother.

"Oh, no."

"Is there a distinguished ghost?"

"Oh, no—at least, I don't think so."

But that was all my ancestral parent could obtain in the way of information. It was said "strange things" had happened to several families who had lived in it: people lost their memory, or forgot the day, or the month, and made curious mistakes. The house had got an "uncanny" name, which perhaps accounted for its being let at a lower rent than it would seem to be really worth.

My grandmother laughed at these idle tales, and said she did not fear. Such things only happened to people of lazy habits and indolent temperaments; and as both she and her sister were, if not altogether strong-minded, at least not easily frightened, she felt no further anxiety on the subject, and proceeded with her preparations for moving, and finally settled in the red brick house. She had considerably reduced her establishment; so the family consisted of my grandmother, my mother—then a little girl of twelve (both my uncles being settled in life, one serving with his regiment in the Peninsula), a maiden sister, and two domestics—Sarah, the cook, and Mistress Betty, the factotum, nurse-maid, housemaid, lady's-maid, and general tyrant. The household thus literally consisted of females—the men servants having been dispensed with after my grandfather's death.

It was in the autumn that my grandmother took possession of the house, and perfectly satisfied she was with it. In winter it was warm and free from draughts, and, containing all the little et ceteras that people desire in their dwellings, proved a very satisfactory residence; so all rumors faded out of her mind. No ghost appeared; no midnight visitant disturbed the equanimity of the in-dwellers of the red-brick house. Winter budded into spring, spring blossomed into summer, and nothing occurred to decrease my grandmother's satisfaction in the choice of her new abode.

One Friday came, as Fridays have a way of coming towards the end of the week, when my grandmother and great-aunt decided to go into town for a day's shopping. So they went, making a long day of it, and returning rather tired. Before retiring to rest that night, they had a grand council of war with Betty, without whom no family affair ever could be settled. Woe betide any member of the household who dared to overlook Betty's right to be consulted on every point, from a spring cleaning downwards.

The weather was fine, my aunt said, and next morning they would have a clear-starching. Now, a clear-starching was a real business in every respectable family in the early part of the present century, when our ancestors delighted in ruffles to their elbows, and ruffs to their necks, not to speak of the responsibility of "getting up" those edificial caps under which they strove to conceal nature's best gift to a woman—a good head of hair. Besides all this, there were those wonderful net or muslin kerchiefs which were so generally affected by the dames of that period. So you will see that a clear-starching was a business not to be lightly undertaken, or without due consideration as regards weather, sunshine, and such necessary adjuncts. It was only done once or twice a year, as in those days, before "Glenfield's Patent" was invented, starch was an expensive commodity. A heavy tax was put on it during the war, when things were at famine prices, to prevent the too rapid consumption of flour, and many cheaper things were used as substitutes by those who could not make up their minds to do without.

The point of the next day's clear-starching being settled, also the question of some new strings to be put to their Sunday bonnets—or hats, as they were called in those days—my grandmother, her sister, and the rest of the household retired to rest.

The morrow came, and with it the requisite sunshine. So, after breakfast, Mistress Betty descended to the garden to commence operations, my great-aunt intending to overlook and assist her, as ladies of that period were not above seeing after some few of their own concerns. I ought here to say something of my great-aunt, who was the most energetic and active-minded person I ever knew, and who was the presiding genius of my grandmother's household the seventy years of her life; but I must hasten on with my chronicle. When all was put on train below, my great-aunt returned to the drawing-room, where she found my grandmother gazing steadily out of window, and looking rather puzzled.

"I cannot make it out," she said; "but the streets appear so unusually quiet and still—no carts, no carriages, few passers-by; and what there are all walking so gravely."

Presently the bells of the neighboring church began to ring.

"A fire!" said my great-aunt.

"A funeral!" said her sister.

For this was in the Georgian era, when daily services were ignored, and the rubric a dead letter. Had my beloved ancestresses lived to-day, the church bell on Saturday might not have proved so startling. Presently a family passed by in mourning.

"I knew it was a funeral," said my grandmother, triumphantly.

"A soldier's funeral, then," said my great-aunt, not to be outdone, as a drum was heard, by no means muffled, and some companies of soldiers, headed by their officers, marched past.

At this moment Sarah appeared from the lower regions, with indignation depicted on her countenance.

"Well, ma'am, as never I saw the likes,

Here's eleven o'clock, and neither the butcher, nor the baker, nor the grocer has been near us; and this Saturday, too! Them tradespeople is just unbearable—so they are—never to come this morning for the week's orders."

My grandmother, the gentlest of matrons, attempted to mollify her angry *cuisinière*, and finally persuaded her to issue forth, basket on arm, to see what had become of "them tradespeople."

She returned rather quickly, more irate than ever.

All the shops were shut, and she could get in nowhere; and when she had asked what was the matter, she was only answered by the jeers of the small boys.

"And you must know, ma'am," continued she "that they said I was no better than a heathen, to be out shopping on a Sunday."

Scarcely had the infuriated Sarah finished her speech, when Betty arrived from the garden, her stout arms much bestarched, "clearing" a lace cap of my grandmother's, with loud claps between her red palms.

"I can't stand it any longer, ma'am," quoth the female Nero. "Mrs. Smith's Mary, next door, has been laughing at me, and saying we are pretty kind of Christians to be working like that on the Sabbath. I gave her as good as I got, though; but Mr. Smith puts his head out of window, and says, 'My good girl, don't be making such a noise there, as the neighbors like their Sunday quiet!'"

My grandmother looked aghast, and let the bonnet, on which she was arranging the new ribbons, fall from her hand.

There was a pretty commotion in that orderly and Sabbatarian household; and it was not until evening they could be quite persuaded of what really was the case—that they had entirely lost Saturday, and that what they thought was a funeral was only the troops from the neighboring barracks marching to service along with the respectable folks of the "quarter."

My grandmother felt rather ashamed of the whole transaction; but became less so when, a few weeks afterwards, a friend from a distant county told her that the very same thing had happened to some relations of his, who had occupied the red brick house some years before.

Subsequently, it was found that the much-abused butcher, baker, and grocer had called on the Saturday, but had rung and knocked in vain; and, seeing the smokeless chimneys and closed shutters, had concluded that the family had suddenly gone from home.

Had they all slept, or had they become totally oblivious for thirty-six hours—*qui sait?* It never was unravelled.

My grandmother lived many years afterwards in the same house, and finally died there; but nothing of the kind ever occurred again. I have often passed the red brick house when a child, but never without calling to mind Mistress Betty's clear starching, and how my grandmother lost a day.

## A POINT FOR PIANISTS.

The *Vox Humana*, a musical publication, shows that a pretty experiment in acoustics is within the reach of all. Every tone of a piano string is composed of four or more different sounds. They seem to be but one, and it is difficult to realize that four or more distinct and separate notes are merged in the sound we hear. A very keen ear can resolve the note, and hear one and sometimes two of the added tones that accompany the lowest tone. The lowest tone is very much louder than the rest, and gives the name to the note or group of notes. These added tones that accompany every note of the piano, are known as over tones. Their existence was only discovered a few years ago, and at first it was very hard to prove that they were really present in every note we hear from a piano string. This is now so well understood that it no longer attracts attention, and is treated as one of the common scientific facts known to everybody. Moreover, the number and power of these over tones determines the character or quality of every musical sound we hear, whether it be from voice or instrument. To prove the existence of these unnoticed, and yet audible over tones the following experiment may be tried: Touch gently the notes C, E, and G, one octave above middle (two foot C), and press the keys down till all the sound has died away. Then, while these keys are held down, strike the C below (two foot C) one quick, hard blow. The damper will at once fall, and the sound will stop abruptly. At the same instant will be heard a low soft chord from the piano. The keys are not struck, and yet the piano sounds plainly. Lift the fingers, and the chord will stop at once. Try the experiment over, and the same result will follow every time. The fingers pressed on the three notes do not give the chord, and yet the strings sound. The explanation is easily found. The middle C had all the three notes in it. They were present as over tones. The three strings corresponding to these over tones, were free to sound as the dampers were raised, and out of sympathy with the over tones they too sounded and gave the same notes. So we see that these over tones really exist in what we call the one note of the C string. Were they absent, we should quickly notice the changed character of the note, and we should be surprised at the thinness and cloying sweetness of a single really pure note without over tones. A note without over tones would be characterless, tiresome and insipid. Well supplied with them, it is clangy, individual and interesting.



## AN AUGUST SUNRISE.

BY T. A. G.

As waits with worshipping awe a Parsee facing  
The eastern skies,  
Till his god come; so stand I, mute and gazing  
To watch him rise.

Ah! see upon the dim horizon's margin  
A pearly glow,  
Where, fused with night, a kindling faint and  
argent  
Soars from below.

It quickens, widens, and ascending ever,  
Sends javelins on;  
And plants on ebon mount and dusky river  
Its gonfalon.

A shining cimeter is drawn in heaven:  
On it the word  
In mystic characters of fire engraven:  
"Allah the Lord!"

On some far beach long rosy surges, breaking,  
Bear sails of gold,  
Which dip and fly, their airy streamers shaking,  
Fold after fold.

Not Golgos' nor Idallum's buried bicker,  
Irised by time,  
Fuse with such hues as tint with magic liquor  
Yon cup sublime.

The foam of falls, the light in eyes when dying,  
The sheen of shells,  
Aurora's footprint shall surpass, defying  
All lustre else.

With burnished rods of gold, day's herald's clear-  
ing,  
And making room,  
Proclaim to earth and heaven is swift appear-  
ing,  
Whose loss is doom.

They hang their banderoles on azure highlands  
And cloudy knolls;  
While a dim music thrills the attentive silence,  
As on it rolls.

The small birds hear it, and in slumberous  
dreaming  
Begin to sing,  
Till Nature feels the pulsing glory streaming  
Through everything.

The vassal earth stirs; and the gentle breezes,  
Which are its breath,  
Lift from its heart the stupor that releases  
From night-long death.

Kneel ye in homage; swing your censors,  
flowers!  
In welcoming,  
To him who is your sovereign and ours;  
For, lo! the King!

—Old and New.

## GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYSEN.

Gunnar felt strong and free. He sat down on the soft verdure, and drank new delight from the glorious sight. The whole plain was overgrown with rich, fresh, green grass. A few miles away lay a large mountain lake; and a clear, broad river wound quietly through the imposing plateau. On a slight elevation near the lake-shore lay three turf-thatched chalets, hedged in by a fence of low palisades; that was the saeter of Rimul. In the blue distance a Yokul lifted its airy head into the clouds. Suddenly his grandmother's old, forbidden story of the poor boy, the three-headed Troid, and the beautiful princess, stood vividly before Gunnar's mind. When the poor boy had walked a long way and had reached the top of the first mountain, he had met an old woman, of whom he had asked the way. "Can you see that high mountain, far away in the blue distance?" the old woman asked.

Yes, the boy could see that mountain.  
"Well," continued the old woman, "ten thousand miles beyond it is another far higher mountain. There is the palace of the Troid; there sleeps the beautiful princess."

"This must surely be the right mountain," thought Gunnar. "O, could I but see beyond it!"

Before long the caravan was again moving, and he was no longer left to his own meditations. Indeed, the goats gave him enough to do for the remainder of the day, and he soon had a foretaste of the unpleasant part of the duties of a "cattle-boy." The goats did not seem at all disposed to keep company; and when that animal has formed a determination, it is not easily prevailed against either by force or by cunning. But in spite of the resolute resistance on the part of the goats, Gunnar at last had the triumph of seeing his rebellious subjects gathered with the rest of the party on the saeter-green. The saeter cottages were opened, and the horses unloaded. Before the door of the middle cottage, out in the open air, there was a large fireplace built of rough stones; here a fire was made, and the wooden cups and milk-pails were boiled with juniper branches, before they were

taken into use; for unless thus prepared they would give a wooden taste to the milk.

It was indeed a welcome sight to Gunnar when at length a repast, consisting of oatmeal and dried beef, was spread on the grass; and he was certainly not the only one who looked forward with eagerness to the approaching feast. All preparations being finished, the merry company sat down round the fire, and attacked the solid food with an enviable appetite.

When the meal was at an end, it was already late in the afternoon. The cattle would find pasture within the corral that night, and the hour for milking was near. The maids then went to their work, and the men to theirs.

"Poor lads we have nowadays," said Brita, a tall, slender girl, with a mass of rich blond hair flowing down over her back, and deep dimples in her cheeks, "poor lads we have nowadays! Among so many, not one who knows how to tread the spring-dance decently." And she put down the filled milk-pails she was carrying, set her arms akimbo, and, with an air of roguish defiance, fixed her eyes upon a group of young men who lay lazily smoking around the fire.

"Did you ever hear of the chicken who wanted to teach the hen to lay eggs?" answered a young lad in the smoking group, to whom the challenge seemed to be especially addressed.

"The best buck is not always the one that has the biggest horns, Ende," laughed the girl. "Your strength has always been in the mouth, you know; your legs are certainly more than long enough, if you only knew how to use them."

"Knut, halloo! Out with the fiddle," cried Ende to an older man, who was sitting on the threshold of the cottage leisurely smoking his evening pipe, "out with the fiddle, I say! and Brita shall soon see whether I understand how to use my legs or not."

Knut soon got his eight-stringed Hardanger violin in order, struck a few strangely sounding chords by way of prelude, and began. Brita was only too glad to accept Ende's invitation. The other young men follow Ende's example; and before long the whole crowd is moving in a ring around the fire in time with the alluring music. Only Thor does not dance; he takes a seat at the fiddler's side, and soon seems entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the smoke from his pipe, as it curls up, spreads, and slowly vanishes in the clear night air. Probably he is musing over the days when he ranked the foremost among the dancers of the valley. Gunnar looks in wonder at this unwonted sight; and the longer he listens to the exciting notes the stronger a desire he feels to join. Now the music comes softly rippling from the strings, now it rolls and rumbles, and now again flows smooth and clear, until it hushes itself into a gentle, whispering murmur. And the dancers understand, and they feel the power of that music. First forming a long line, they move slowly forward, leading the girls by the hands after them, and softly touching the ground alternately with their heels and toes, and adapting the gestures of their whole bodies to the rippling tones; but gradually as the strokes of the fiddler grow wilder, the tread of their heels becomes stronger, and the motions of their limbs more wildly expressive.

It was late, but still the sun was lingering; it looked red and tired, for it had waked many hours. One long, loving, parting look, and it sunk in a dreamy halo behind the western glaciers. A nightly chill crept over the highland.

The dance was ended. Knut, the fiddler, carefully wrapped his precious violin in his handkerchief to protect it from the damp night air. Gunnar, who had looked on and listened until he was fast asleep, was aroused by his father. "I am going home again now," said Thor, "but I shall come up here to see you now and then. Here, take this as a keepsake from your father." And Thor went. Gunnar had hardly time to realize whether he was awake or dreaming. It was a fine knife, with carved hilt and silver sheath, he held in his hand. He had long wished for just such a knife. Surely he had never known his father before now. He saw that clearly.

## VI.—RHYME-OLA.

Gunnar sat on the lake-shore musing; he started down into the deep, clear water. The sun stood right in the north. Round about lay the cattle in their noon rest. Although it was but three weeks to-day since he had come to the saeter, it was to him an infinitely long time; he appeared to himself so much older and wiser; and the little boy who a few weeks ago rode on Fox and talked to the dark was as far off as if he had but heard of him in some Neck or Hulder legend. And the poor boy who slew the Troid and married the princess! curious it would be to know if he had ever been in the highlands and watched cattle.

How strange it looked down there in the water! How wonderfully cool and clear! Now a big, shining dragon-fly came dancing away over the invisible mirror, gently touched it, and small, quivering rings spread and spread, and vanished,—vanished somewhere and nowhere. How wonderfully still! The water rested, the air rested, everything rested. No sound, no motion. But the silence seemed to make everything look stronger, to color and intensify it. Down there on the bottom of the lake the gray stones lay between the tall, rustling bulrushes; and they grew and moved, drew nearer and nearer. Gunnar, half frightened, turned his eyes swiftly, flung himself on his back, and gazed up into the air. There was not a cloud to be seen; the air was a great nothing. And the longer he gazed the weaker he appeared to himself, as

if he was losing himself in the clearness of the air; and the air grew stronger and stronger; it began to float and move before his eyes, until at last an infinite number of small colorless disks came slowly swimming past him, and filled the space far and near. Then by degrees they assumed a faint violet or blue color, faded, and again grew brighter. A flash of light from nowhere and everywhere leaped through the air, trembled, glittered, and vanished. And the air itself vanished too. Again it was as nothing. He shut his eyes. How strange!

Then it was as if something spoke,—spoke without a sound, yet distinctly and audibly; without word, yet full of hidden meaning. He listened; and the longer he listened the dimmer grew the boundary between silence and sound, until they strangely blended. The silence seemed the symphony of an infinite number of infinitely small voices too small to be called sounds; they gushed forth all round him and from within him; they whizzed in the air, they buzzed in the grass, the bulrushes rustled with them. Suddenly, as he became conscious that he was listening, the sound stopped, as in wonder at its own existence, and a vast emptiness filled the world far and near. He held his breath; and as his thought lost its hold on itself, the air, the grass, the rushes were again alive with numberless voices; but to him it seemed as if they had been forever, as if they had never suffered an interruption; for there was that in their nature which has no beginning, neither has it any end. And as he lay there listening in half-conscious unconsciousness, the thought shot through his mind that he must have seen and heard all this before, he knew not when or where. Then came the poor boy with his princess; certainly, from his grandmother's tales, it was there; he knew it all. He felt as if he stood at the entrance of that new world which, though unknown and unseen, he had been vaguely conscious of through so many long years of yearning, whose nearness he had felt many a dark winter night when, after the tale was ended, the drowsy embers from the hearth had stared at him with weird, beckoning eyes; when on Fox, the old saddle, he had ridden out in search of Troid, and wonders; when, up under the roof of the cottage, he had spent such happy hours gazing at the dark, and with the fantastic shapes of the dark gazing at him. As all these impressions now again stood vividly before him, he saw that they had all been tones in the same chord. This was the full chord; still there was no rest in it,—it was a chord of transition, a step to something higher. And the Hulder,—he felt her presence; she could not be far from him now.

A thundering noise struck his ear; he started to his feet, still dreaming, senseless, bewildered. He had half expected to see the golden hair and the scarlet bodice of the Hulder, and in the first moment he was not sure but it might be she. But before his second thought, he felt himself seized by the arm and flung up the hillside, and he thought he heard these words: "Whatever you do, boy, don't you rush right into the water!"

Gunnar rubbed his eyes and stared. He saw a queer-looking little man standing on the hillside, holding a long loor in his hand, and with a broad grin on his face.

"I do not think you are a very good cattle-boy," continued the man. "What do you think the widow of Rimul would say if she knew you went to sleep at this time of the day, and that right in the sunshine? If it had not been for me, you might have looked in the moon for your cows to-night. They were all straggling."

"I was not asleep," said Gunnar, now somewhat recovered.

He thought the little man was very queer-looking indeed. He was rather homely, some would, perhaps, say even ugly. His eyes were large and dark, and looked as if he had just been weeping; his mouth was broad, and drawn up to one side in a strange, half-sarcastic smile. There was an inexplicable conflict between the dreaming sadness of his eyes and the broad burlesque expression of the rest of his features. He seemed to be conscious of this himself; for he kept winking with one eye, as if trying to make this discordant feature conform to the leading characteristic of his face.

The little man flung himself down on the greensward and fixed his eyes intently on Gunnar; and the boy followed his example, and stared at him in return. Thus they sat for a while. At last the stranger opened his mouth as if he were going to speak, then shut it again without saying anything, and so again and again.

"Have you got anything to eat?" cried he suddenly, as if it cost him a great effort to speak the words.

"No," said Gunnar.

"Then come here," continued the other, "and hold this cow by the horns, while I milk her. I am hungry as a wolf."

Gunnar obeyed. There was something very peculiar in the little man, some strange mixture of strength and weakness, which did not fail to make a strong impression on his mind. While he held the cow, his companion stooped down, milked with one hand, using the other for a cup, and now and then emptying it into his mouth. But after awhile, probably finding his process too troublesome, he knelt down, put his head up under the cow, and milked right into his mouth.

"Does the cow kick?" asked he.

"Yes."

"Very well." And he went on milking, while Gunnar stood gazing at him in mute astonishment. At last the cow began to show signs of impatience,

"Ah," said he, rising, and wiping the milk from his mouth with his ragged coat-sleeve, "what a delicious meal! I have not seen a thing to eat since yesterday noon; and since this morning my miserable bowels have been entertaining me with a wofuller Lenten-hymn than ever found its way into old Kingo's hymn-book. Strange enough, I never was partial to fasting."

And he laughed aloud; but finding no response in Gunnar, whose face was as grave as ever, he suddenly stayed his mirth, and with a look of disappointment turned on his heel and seated himself on the grass, with his back to his companion. Gunnar, however, unconscious of offence, walked up to him, and flung himself down at his side on the green. The man then, after having examined all his pockets, finally from the one on the inside of his vest drew out some ragged and greasy papers, which he carefully spread out on his knees, and for some time contemplated, with an expression of the keenest interest. Soon his mouth was again drawn up into its customary grin or smile, and his face grew brighter and happier the longer he looked. Gunnar was quite curious to know what these old papers could contain; for, judging from the expression of the man's face, they surely afforded him great delight. Now he shook his head and laughed heartily. The boy could no longer restrain his curiosity.

"What is your name?" asked he, rather abruptly.

The man was so absorbed in his papers that he heard nothing.

"What is your name?" repeated Gunnar, this time close to his ear.

The little man quickly raised his head, and looked round bewildered, as if he had been suddenly awakened from some delightful reverie.

"My name?" said he; "my name? Sure enough; that is more easily asked than told. I have such a great number of names, that I hardly think I can remember them all."

"Then tell me only one of them."

"Well, if you are so very anxious to know, I will tell you as many as you can bear to hear. Some call me Fool-Ola, others Rag-Ola; but with the pastor and all the gentlefolk of the valley I generally go by the name of Rhyme-Ola."

"Why, indeed! Are you Rhyme-Ola?"

"They say so."

"I have heard grandmother speak of you. She knows a great many of your songs too." Rhyme-Ola's sad eyes brightened, but he said nothing. Gunnar was very anxious to know something about the papers, but he hardly knew how to approach the subject. At last he made an attempt. "Is there anything written in those papers of yours?" asked he.

"Written!" cried Rhyme-Ola, in sudden excitement; "written, did you say? No, sir; there is nothing written on my papers,—nothing written," with an indignant emphasis on the last word.

"I beg your pardon. I did not know there was any harm in asking," said Gunnar, quite frightened by the irritation of his friend.

"No, sir; there is nothing written," repeated Rhyme-Ola, indignantly; "the pastor himself said that it was printed,—printed in the great city beyond the mountains, and read by all the judges and pastors all over the country. Then it cannot be written."

Upon Gunnar's further inquiry, Rhyme-Ola related with great minuteness a long story, of how he had once, a long time ago, sung one of his ditties to the old pastor, who was now dead and buried; how the old pastor had praised his song, and asked his permission to write it down, and send it to one of the city papers.

"That is a good song, Rhyme-Ola," the old pastor had said, "and worthy to live a long time after both you and I are dead and gone." So he had it sent to be printed in print, and these were the leaves on which the song had been printed. Never author found more happiness in his far-famed volume than this poor country songster in the long-forgotten newspaper in which his only song was printed. "It is to live after I am dead," muttered he, gazing at the half-worn-out leaves with eyes as tender as those of a mother looking on her first-born child.

Gunnar fully showed his delight, and looked upon the remnants of the song with reverence, as if they contained a world of wisdom.

"Could you not read the song for me?" asked he, eagerly.

"Read? I cannot read."

"Sing then!"

"Yes, gladly will I sing." And Rhyme-Ola once more took his papers, turned, and examined them closely, running down the page with his finger, as if reading; at about the middle of the page he pointed at a line and called Gunnar. "Read there," said he: "what does it say?"

The paper was so soiled that Gunnar had great difficulty in making out what it was.

"Now, what does it say?" repeated the author impatiently.

"The Bruised Wing: by Rhyme-Ola."

"By Rhyme-Ola; yes, that is right, by Rhyme-Ola." And he rose to his feet and sang:—

"Little sparrow he sits on his roof so low,  
Chirping the summer-day long.  
The swallow she bathes in the sunlight's glow,  
And lifts to the heavens her song.  
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"Little sparrow he buildeth his lowly nest  
Close decked by the shingles red.  
The swallow she findeth a better rest,  
With her wings to the storm-wind wed.  
And high is the flight of the eagle.



"The swallow she cometh from far away,  
O'er wild waves and mountains high;  
She comes from the land of eternal day,  
Where the summer shall never die.  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Little sparrow's world is his narrow lane,  
He knoweth no sunshiny shore;  
His nestlings he feedeth and gathers his grain,  
And yearneth for nothing more.  
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"Now spring was breathing its healing breath,  
With life teemed the earth and the sky;  
And fled were darkness and cold and death,  
In the days now long gone by.  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"And the swallows came from the lands of  
light;  
In the belfry they built their nest,—  
Their fledglings had there so wide a sight,  
And there could so safely rest.  
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"For they saw the sun in its glory rise,  
Saw the huge clouds chased by the gale;  
And they longed to bathe in those radiant  
skies,  
As for the breeze long the slackened sail.  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"One morn then, as loud chimed the sabbath-  
bell,  
All the world seemed to beckon and sing;  
Then rose to the clouds one nestling, but fell,  
To the earth with a bruised wing.  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Swift summer speeds, and the swallows flee  
To the realms of summer and light.  
Alas for him those wing is not free  
To follow them on their flight!  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Yea, tenfold pity on him in whose breast  
Live longings for light and spring,  
But still must tarry in sparrow-nest,  
Tarry with bruised wing.  
For high is the flight of the eagle."

There was something almost ethereal in Rhyme-Ola's voice; in the beginning of the song it was clear and firm, but as he approached the end it grew more and more tremulous, and at last the tears broke through; he buried his face in his hands and wept. Gunnar's sympathy was heartfelt and genuine; before he knew it, he felt the tears starting too. He hardly understood the whole depth of pathos in Rhyme-Ola's song; but for all that he felt it none the less. It inspired him, as it were, with a vague but irresistible longing to do something great, he knew not what; and as he sat there musing over the sad words, "tarry with bruised wing," the outer world again receded, he forgot Rhyme-Ola's presence, and his fancy again began its strange and capricious play. The words of the song, which were still ringing in his ears, began to assume shape and color, and to pass in a confused panorama before his eyes. Unconsciously, his thought returned to what he had seen and heard in the air and in the silence, and it was to him as if he had never awakened, as if he was still wrapped in the visions of his summer dream. He was startled by Rhyme-Ola's dark eyes staring at him. With an effort he fixed the scene in his mind; and, as again the lake, the rocks, and the distant Yokul lay before him, glittering in the noonday, the song appeared far, far away, like a dim recollection from some half-forgotten fireside tale. The fireside led his thought to his grandmother; and as one thought followed another, he at last wondered if Rhyme-Ola had any grandmother.

"Have you any grandmother, Rhyme-Ola?" said he.

"Grandmother? Never had any."

Gunnar could hardly credit such an assertion; and wishing for more satisfactory information, he continued to ask the songster about his father and mother and other family relations; but he received only evasive answers, and it was evident that the subject was not agreeable. Now and then he made a remark about the cattle or the weather, and finally succeeded in bringing up another theme of conversation. So they talked on for an hour or more. Then Rhyme-Ola started to go.

"It is St. John's Eve to-morrow night," said he, as he arose; "you will of course be at St. John's Hill."

"I did not know it was St. John's Eve, but I think I shall come."

And Rhyme-Ola walked off.

"Many thanks for your song," cried Gunnar after him.

"Thanks to yourself."

"You will come again very soon, won't you?"

"Very soon."

Here Rhyme-Ola was out of sight.

Gunnar again sat down on the rock, reviewing all the wonderful events of the day.

(To be continued.)

#### PINCHBECK PEOPLE.

It is, perhaps, a healthy sign that a large number of people, at great cost to themselves, endeavor to "keep up appearances." Their doing so evidences that they retain in a marked manner, that self-respect which forms such a protecting barrier against assaults which may be made on the finer points of their natures. Those who struggle bravely against adversity, and, in the face of considerably privation, put a good face upon the matters before the world, deserve hearty commendation. It is to be feared, however, that the feeling which prompts

men and women to sacrifice almost everything else, so long as they may retain their caste, leads them into many acts of folly and imprudence. Notwithstanding the literal truth of the Micawberish axiom that the man whose income is twenty pounds a year is happy so long as he spends only nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and elevenpence, but is miserable when he disburses anything above the amount of his receipts, there are many foolish persons who will persist in conducting their affairs in such a manner that it is impossible for them "to make ends meet." The great mistake which individuals of this sort fall into is that they imagine that, whether their means justify them or not, if they do not pretend to be as rich as their neighbors they are disgraced. So they are led to sacrifice much real comfort for the sake of some ostentatious display. The too frequent termination of their career of imprudence is—ruin!

These pinchbeck people, it may be freely granted, have often extremely difficult parts to play. Commencing life with a certain income, they spend every penny thereof, in preference to putting something aside for a rainy day, or preparing for the time when the calls upon them shall become greater. Their engagements rarely fail to become heavier. In addition to maintaining themselves they have, generally, sooner or later, to keep a number of children. The misfortune is that their incomes do not increase if they increase at all—in a corresponding ratio. Having taken up a certain position, they feel they cannot abandon the same without bringing a certain amount of discredit upon themselves. They recoil, with instinctive horror, from the idea of their doing anything to cause their friends to think that they have failed to advance themselves in life so well as the majority of their acquaintances have done, for, to do this, is to confess to a lack of ability. So they bear up a cheerful front in public, and reserve their expression of despair for private. They calmly contemplate their growing load of debt with the firm conviction that, unless help comes from some unexpected quarter, they must inevitably sink under it. Their misfortunes do not come upon them unexpectedly; there is nothing sharp nor decisive about the blow by which they are finally stricken; they are simply borne to the ground by an overwhelming weight. When the final shock comes it finds them very much changed from the blithe and light-hearted creatures they were at the commencement of their careers—it discovers them with soured and warped natures and low spirits. When exposure comes they are filled with regret that, in straining after a myth, they have lost substantial comfort and happiness, and with remorse that, by the foolish line of conduct they have pursued, they have endangered the happiness, if not altogether ruined the prospects, of those to whom they have given existence. Money that might have been profitably spent upon the education of children has been frittered away upon that which can by no possibility bring any return. When poverty—in the shape of country-court summonses, threatening letters, and duns—enters at the front door, love only too often flies out at the back. Husband and wife indulge in mutual and bitter recrimination. The husband complains that the wife has been an improvident housekeeper, that she has signally failed to do the best with her resources, and that she makes many unnecessary demands upon him. The wife, on the other hand, reproaches him with not giving her what she demands, and, if admitting his inability, declares that it is owing either to his own folly or stupidity. He assumes a sullen and dogged attitude, varied, perhaps by passionate outbursts; she sinks into a listless, morbid, discontented state. He becomes careless about his personal appearance, irregular in his habits, and reckless as to what happens to him and those dependent upon him; she ceases to take a pride in her home and her children, who show symptoms of neglect. Friends are gradually alienated, for it is supremely unpleasant to enter the houses of people in the condition indicated. Poverty stares you in the face the minute you pass the portals; poverty of the worst kind, viz., the shabby genteel. It is no difficult matter to detect the shallow artifices which are made to hide or penetrate through the thin veil which is hastily thrown over everything that is disagreeable, and which will be withdrawn as soon as you have departed.

It is easier to get into the forlorn position of genteel poverty than it is to emerge therefrom. The pinchbeck people, for the most part, seem to always remain in their miserable plight. Though they, perhaps, never themselves, actually descend from the sphere in which they were born, their children, being indifferently trained and exposed to associations of a low order, invariably marry into a grade of society actually beneath them. The pinchbeck people have themselves to thank for the greater portion of the pain which they endure. If they get a chance they will not avail themselves of it. They prefer temporary pleasures to perspective benefits. They will not deprive themselves today so that they may feast for a week or a year hence. They never husband their resources. They spend their money before it is earned. The consequence is that they have to pay more for what they consume than has the prudent individual. If men and women were content to live, not as they think they ought and as their social status demands, but as they can afford, that utterly miserable state of genteel poverty would not be so universal as it is now the case. When will the human race learn to act with common prudence?

#### THE VILE WEED.

HOW SMIKES STOPPED CHEWING TOBACCO.

Smikes made up his mind to stop chewing. He never was much of a chewer, anyhow, he said. He hadn't used tobacco but a few years, and rarely consumed more than an ounce paper in a day. But he feared the habit might get hold of him and become fixed, and if there was anything that he abhorred it was to see a man become a slave to a bad habit. He had used the weed some, to be sure, but there had never been a time during the last ten years when he could not stop at any moment. But so long as he did not become habituated to its use he did not care to stop. He could break off at any minute, and it was a great satisfaction to feel so. Thompson, he thought, was an abject slave to his pipe. He pitied Thompson, for he had seen Thompson try to stop smoking several times, and fail ignominiously every time he undertook it. But Smikes wanted to show his wife how easy he could quit. So one morning he remarked carelessly to Samantha that he guessed he would stop using tobacco. Samantha said she was glad of it, and added, impetuously, what she had never said before, that it was a vile habit. Smikes appeared a little nervous and confused when Samantha said this, and mumbled out something about being glad he had never got into it himself. In his agitation he pulled out his tobacco box and was about to take a chew when he recollected himself, and plunged out of the front door, forgetting his umbrella. About half way to the office he met Jones, with whom he was having some business transactions. While they were talking the thing over Smikes got a little enthusiastic, and he had almost reached the office before he noticed that he was rolling an uncommonly plump quid around his mouth like a sweet morsel. How it got there Smikes did not know. He puzzled over that little thing all the rest of the forenoon, and at last he took it out of his mouth and threw it away, satisfied that he must have taken it while talking with Jones. Twice that afternoon Smikes took out his tobacco box and looked at it. Once he took off the cover and smelled of the tobacco. It smelt so good that Smikes felt impelled to remark to himself that it was the easiest thing in the world to stop chewing. He congratulated himself again and again that day that he did not become entangled in the meshes of the filthy vice, and he alluded to the matter three or four times that evening, at the tea-table, till Samantha marvelled greatly at the firmness of Smikes. She had already heard, she said, that it was a hard thing to leave off. But Smikes had told her, and kept telling her, that it was "just as easy," and her reverence for the virile strength and independence of character of Smikes grew like a gourd. That night Smikes had the nightmare. He thought that a legion of foul fiends had got him up in a corner of the back yard, and had rolled upon him a monstrous quid of "fine cut" as large around as a cartwheel, and that they were trying to force it into his mouth. Smikes struggled vigorously, and when Samantha shook him and asked what was the matter, his only reply was that "anybody could stop chewing if they only made up their mind to it." The next day Smikes was a little nervous. He told everybody who came in what a simple thing it was to stop chewing. The third day he harped about it all day long. He told one man about it three different times, and when that much informed individual ventured the opinion that he would be chewing again in less than a week, Smikes indignantly ejaculated, "Mr. Jenkins, when I make up my mind to a thing that is the last of it." The fourth day Smikes heard that chamomile blossoms were sometimes used as a substitute for tobacco, and just out of curiosity he devoured two ounces of them. He said to the druggist when he bought them that it was easy enough to stop the use of tobacco. On the fifth day Smikes got sick. His nerves gave out. He snapped something at Samantha at the breakfast table, upset his inkstand, burnt his fingers poking some cinders out of the grate, and had no appetite for his dinner. That day the devil whispered to Smikes that tobacco was really beneficial to some temperaments. Smikes had a temperament of that kind. The sixth day Smikes felt like a murderer. He seemed to himself to have become transformed into a Modoc. His mouth was dry and parched. A stout, healthy-looking old gentleman came into Smikes' office that day. He was a friend of Smikes, and as he drew forth his silver tobacco box and daintily shook out a small portion of the pungent weed, Smikes felt his mouth water. He remarked to Mr. Johnson that he had not chewed any for six days, and that he had refrained so long just to satisfy himself that anybody could chew or leave it alone. He was fully satisfied that it could be done, but he rather thought that his was one of those temperaments that are really acted upon in a beneficial way by the temperate use of tobacco. Mr. Johnson said he thought so too, and he handed Smikes his box, remarking that he had chewed regularly for thirty years, and didn't know as it had damaged him any. As Smikes rolled a large quid back into his left cheek, he said he thought there was a great difference in men. He was satisfied that he could stop chewing at any time, but there were some temperaments to which a gentle narcotic or opiate was really a blessing.

#### "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER."

BY LAURA W. LEDYARD.

"A bonnie lassie!"—so they said;  
The ladies turned the lassie's head  
Wi' singin' ane and a'  
About her starry glancin' een,  
Her parted lips wi' pearls between,  
An' winsome dimples sma'.

An' wha shall lead her out to dance,  
An' where will fa' her witchin' glance,  
An' wha shall tie her shoon?  
I dinna find the flit sae fair—  
There's sweeter lassies ev'rywhere;  
Ye lose your hearts fu' soon!

'Twas so I spoke wi' anger fu',  
To see the lads a' peekin' through  
The trees where she maun hie.  
I lead the dance wi' Effie Lee,  
An' all ye laddies follow me,  
An' trip it merrilie.

But just before the dance begun  
I turned and saw a little one—  
Alas for Effie Lee!  
A little one wi' starry een  
That whispered, "Nane will dance wi' Jean;  
Will ye nay come wi' me?"

I saw her 'een sae sparklin' fair,  
An' little waves o' sunny hair,  
An' winsome dimples sma'.  
Her twa wee hands upon my arm  
I could na think it any harm  
An' followed her awa'.

An' now I'm dancin' down the street  
Behind her wee bit twinklin' feet,  
The daftest lad o' a'.  
The maddest o' the mony wights  
That sigh o' days an' dream o' nights—  
My wits have flown awa'.

An' oh! to lead her out to dance;  
An' oh! to catch her witchin' glance;  
To tie her little shoon!  
If Jean is here the time is come;  
If Jean is gane I maun gae home—  
She lingers, 'tis too soon.

She's comin' near. I hear! I hear  
Her footstep on the grass!  
An' will she bide, or turn aside  
Anither way to pass?  
Soft! twa sma' hands have closed my eyes—  
I dare na' turn my head.

"Wha is it, Jamie, hither hies  
To seek thee in the mead?"  
I ken fu' well—I shall na' tell.  
I'll keep her here wi' me;  
I'd gladly die, sae daft am I,  
Gin she would bide a wee!

#### DESMORO;

OR,

#### THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES  
FROM THE LUMBER ROOM," THE "HUMMING-  
BIRD," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Neddy rubbed his eyes, thinking that he was just awaking out of a frightful dream. He then stretched out his hands, and groped in the darkness for his late companion; but there was no one near him—his hands came in contact only with the hard, wet spar.

Neddy, whose brain had been much weakened by his recent attack of illness, was fairly dazed and stunned. The voice of Pidgers, together with his well-remembered name, was still ringing in his ears, driving all his wits astray.

He sat still, in a state of utter bewilderment, lost to everything around him, crushed by the hideous words which had been spoken only a few short moments ago.

"Pidgers! Whence had the man come? Had he dropped from the clouds?" Neddy inwardly cried, as he tried to rouse himself.

Meantime, the moon peeped forth, and then hid her face again, and presently a hand was laid on Neddy's shoulder.

The man started up with a cry of affright.

"Why, Neddy, what is the matter with you? You are looking as if you had just seen a ghost!" said Desmoro; for it was he who had touched the man.

"Ghost! Y-e-s!" stammered Neddy, confusedly. "In course it must hev been a ghost—the one as is alus a-thievin' of the stooard and the sailors."

"What are you talking about?" asked his master, in great amazement.

Neddy shuddered, looking around him in considerable terror.

"Oh, mister," said he; "I'm afraid I'm a losin' of my senses!"

"What has happened to you?"

"Somethink most dreadful—somethink I can hardly believe, mister. I've surely been deluded by some wicked sperret—mayhap



the very one as the bosen is alus a talking about."

"I cannot understand you, Neddy," returned Desmoro. "On my life, I think the people here are all going mad! What have you seen?"

"What hev I heard, yer ought to ask, mister."

"Well, what have you heard?" laughed Desmoro.

Neddy look around, in order to assure himself that no one was near. "I'd better tell what I hev to tell in your cabin," he added, in under-tones.

Desmoro made no answer, but led the way into the cuddy, thence to his own state-room, whither his attendant followed him.

Shutting the door behind him, Neddy sank upon a seat, and dropped his head upon his breast. He was nearly fainting with terror.

"It aren't possible!" he exclaimed, gradually recovering himself. "I must hev been dreamin' that I heard the villain say them words."

"What words? Of whom are you speaking?" demanded Desmoro, wholly at a loss to comprehend the subject of his companion's speech.

Neddy gasped. His senses were in such a state of mizmaze, that he could not sufficiently command himself to answer at the moment.

Presently he spoke.

"Pidgers is aboard, mister!" uttered he.

"Pidgers!" echoed the listener, his color fading instantly at the mere mention of that terrible name. "You are surely demented to say so!"

"Demented, mister! Not a bit of it! I thought so at first, but now I feels that that wretch is aboard of the Mary Ann."

Desmoro took a seat silently and looked into Neddy's face.

"In the name of heaven, Neddy, explain yourself!" said he, in quivering syllables, his face of a deathly hue, his frame all shaking.

Here Neddy repeated to his master the particulars with which you have been already made acquainted.

Desmoro sat transfixed. All at once he seemed to understand who was the ghost of the fore-castle—who was the thief of whom the sailors and the steward had so often had reason to complain.

Yet how had the scoundrel got on board without the knowledge of the sailors, and for what purpose was he there?

"You are certain, Neddy, that you were wide awake when you were on deck just now?"

"As wide awake as I am at this moment, mister; I wish it had been t'other ways, and that it had all been a dream."

Desmoro wrung his hands and bit his lips in silent but fearful trouble of mind. He knew not what to do in this new strait into which he had just fallen. Was his arch enemy really so near him—ready to pounce once more upon him?

He meditated for some moments. Presently he spoke again.

"Say nothing of this event to any one, Neddy; discreetly keep your own counsel," said he.

"All right, mister; yer may depend on me."

"I am aware that I may do so, my good fellow."

"What do yer intend to do?" inquired Neddy, in earnest, anxious syllables.

"I shall at once make the captain acquainted with the whole circumstance, as related to me by you," was the answer.

"An' what do yer think he will do?"

"I really cannot form the remotest idea. Heaven help me! my persecutions appear as if they would never come to an end! What have I done to this fellow, that he should thus hunt me all around the world? Neddy, Neddy, you must have been deceived in some way or other!" Desmoro added, quite excitedly; "for, rascal as he is, he would surely never have the temerity to venture here?"

"I only wish I had only been deceived," rejoined the man, in mournful accents. "I knowed the fellow's voice the moment I heard it."

"You knew it! How could you do so, since you had never before heard it?"

"I had heard it before, mister; but the fact had gone clean out of my mind: now it's all come back agin to me," answered Neddy.

"Not a word, mind, to any one!" warned Desmoro, unable to comprehend the man's speech. "Of course the Captain will question you on the subject, after I have made it known to him; and to him you must be as explicit as you have been to me."

"I understand perfectly," nodded Neddy.

"I do not wish to make Colonel Symure at all uneasy on my account," pursued Desmoro. "I will spare him all the trouble I can, feeling how much he has already suffered for my sake. The sudden and unexpected appearance of this ruffian has filled me with a score of terrible apprehensions. I cannot express the fear that possesses me. I do not exaggerate my dangers at the present moment. I am completely in the power of this unscrupulous knave, who will not hesitate to betray me into the hands of the law—into the hands which will punish me according to my sad deserts."

Desmoro lost no time in seeking a private interview with the Captain, to whom he at once rehearsed the tale lately told him by Neddy, and the reason he had to fear.

Captain Williams was confounded, and, for a while, he sat staring at his informant, unable to credit the story he had heard.

"Do you think there is full dependance to be

placed in Neddy's report?" asked he, after a lengthened silence. "I have heard you say, that since his recent illness, his mind has not appeared to be so strong as before."

"Certainly; yet, in this case, I fancy Neddy is only too correct in his report."

"What did you say this rascal's name is?"

"Pidgers."

"Wait until I lay my hands on him, the thief; I'll make him remember the ship Mary Ann, and also her commander," cried the Captain. "He's the fore-castle ghost, the purloiner of the steward's dainties, eh! Now we can understand how the champagne and the eatables disappeared. Oh, but he shall smart for it as soon as we can catch him! We've a rat in the ship's-hold, have we? Ha, ha! Very well, we'll hunt him out of it, and then we'll cage him, and keep him where he can do no harm to any one."

"But he will proclaim my name aloud—he will publish my identity to all on board!" rejoined Desmoro, in great terror.

"Ah!"—and the Captain fell into a deep fit of musing. "I understand—I understand," he continued, by-and-by. "We must be careful, and leave matters alone for a time until we have concocted some sort of plan for tying the rat's tongue and extracting his teeth. Leave the affair entirely in my hands, and have you no fear for the result. I shall not carry you upwards of sixteen thousand miles across the sea, to see you fall into the shark's jaws at the last—that much you may depend on; so make your mind as easy as you can under present circumstances. The fellow's in the wrong box, as he shall soon discover to his sorrow, or my name is not Andrew Williams."

"You will not, then, take any notice of the discovery we have just made, eh, Captain?"

"Not the slightest. I'll bide my time patiently; I'll endeavor to catch the scoundrel in the very snare he has laid for another. Take you no further notice of this affair, and caution Neddy to be always on his guard lest he let slip a careless word that may betray our secret."

"I cannot imagine when or how the man got on board here," observed Desmoro. "Nay, I cannot understand his being here at all. I am lost in conjecture, and know not what to think. The whole affair is extraordinary and incomprehensible. Wherefore did he not make use of the information he had obtained, as to my whereabouts, before I sailed? I cannot comprehend him."

"We must have patience, Mr. Symure," answered the Captain. "By-and-by, I have no doubt, we shall learn all."

"My late feeling of security is entirely destroyed," Desmoro sighed. "For reasons I know not, this man is my deadliest foe, and he will not rest, I fear, until he has delivered me unto death itself."

"We'll see about that," returned the Captain, with a cheery, reassuring laugh. "We have, on board the Mary Ann, such things as irons, which, by my manhood, he shall feel the weight of, ere he leave the ship. Again I entreat you to put faith in me. I will stand by you in this affair as I would stand by my own brother. I cannot promise to do more than that," he added, feelingly.

Desmoro made no answer, but, seizing his companion's hand, wrung it tightly. He knew the Captain to be his sincere friend, and that he might place the utmost reliance on his word.

Nothing was said to any one respecting the recent event; Desmoro, the Captain, and Neddy, each and all, remained silent; and matters went on precisely as before, while the good ship steadily pursued her onward course.

But although Desmoro was mute, his manners betokened that he was ill at ease. He had become absent-minded and haggard-looking; and Marguerite, who had remarked his changed appearance, often heard him deeply sigh, as if he were oppressed by some mighty sorrow.

Feeling uneasy at these signs put forth by her lover, Marguerite questioned him about them. But he evaded her queries, loth to distress her mind with these new and unexpected troubles of his.

The ship had now passed through the severe and stormy latitudes, and sunshine and fair winds attended our voyagers, and they were waited along over smooth seas quite pleasantly.

The steward daily grumbled about his missing stores; but the Captain appeared to turn a deaf ear upon all his complaints, and answered him never a word, and the pilfering still went on as before.

The steward shook his head and so did the sailors all, astonished and perplexed that their commander should thus neglect to inquire into this important matter.

Among the crew there was a sailor on board (a silent man, whom none affected) whom all the men forward suspected, and, suspecting, treated with harshness and general unkindness. Many of the crew even refused to speak to him, and he was rendered most unhappy in consequence of all this; and his mind soon became bitter and vindictive as well. He was being unjustly treated, and, unable to prove that he was so, his soul brimmed over with a hidden anguish. He made no complaint of his shipmates' treatment of him, he only prayed that he might some day be enabled to prove to them how deeply they had wronged him, in deeming that he could be capable of committing such dishonest deeds as those now secretly laid to his charge.

The steward looked darkly on this man, who slunk about, avoiding rather than courting the companionship of his fellows, wishing that the Mary Ann had foundered ere he had shipped on board of her. He was in the boatswain's watch,

and he was none the more comfortable for that fact, as the old seaman was ever sending him aloft to perform dangerous tasks, a feeling of dislike prompting him to select Dodd (so the man was called) to do those offices over which he writhed and inwardly exclaimed.

Dodd's position on board the Mary Ann was altogether a painful one; and he felt it to be such in its keenest sense, and desired, if possible, to change it.

He was wishing that they might run short of water, or of some necessary article of food, that the Captain might be compelled to put into port somewhere, in order to recruit his stores. Then Dodd had resolved to run away from the ship, and leave his miseries behind him.

The man, one day complaining of giddiness in his head, was suspended from his accustomed duties, and suffered to remain below, where he lay in his hammock all the day, quiet and still, none of his shipmates caring whether he lived or died. On the following evening, the men, being all summoned on deck, to put the ship about, Dodd was left lying alone in a dark corner of the fore-castle. He was wide awake—for his malady, which was purely a nervous one, would not allow him to sleep much, and he could see all around him, without himself being seen.

While he was lying thus, watching the oil lamp as it swung to and fro from one of the beams of the deck, a plank in the partition, which divided the fore-castle from the hold, was gradually and noiselessly removed, and a face, half covered with hair, and most repulsive to behold, showed itself.

Dodd held his breath, and fastened his gaze upon the intruder, wondering whether he were one of mortal mould or whether he were one just risen from the shades below.

The stranger looked cautiously around, and then, creeping to the men's biscuit-bag, helped himself to some of its contents.

Dodd did not once remove his eyes from the stranger, but observed him narrowly, the perspiration oozing out of all his pores, as he did so. He understood now who was the thief, who it was that had so long stolen food and other things from the men in the fore-castle, and likewise from the steward's store-room, and he was resolved to punish him for what he had done.

Dodd was not so stupid as to imagine than an apparition required to comfort his vitals with food and drink. He remembered that spirits—could exist on air, being only airy shadows themselves. He then made up his mind that tangible flesh and blood were before him, and that, being such, it should be made to ache and smart for its many late misdeeds on board of the Mary Ann. He did not calculate upon being met with much resistance by a man whom he supposed to be some unhappy convict who had stolen on board of the ship, while she was lying in harbor, and was remaining in concealment during the voyage, until the vessel should reach her destined port.

Dodd slid out of his hammock, and, all undressed as he was, sprang upon the intruder, who turning suddenly, let go his spoil and clutched at the sailor's throat, with a griplike a vice.

Dodd, who was weak and ill, made only a feeble struggle, and then, losing all consciousness, dropped like a log on the deck, where he was left to recover as he might.

The vessel being put about, the men whose watch below it was, returned to the fore-castle, to find the sick sailor stretched in cold insensibility.

Well, Dodd was lifted up; and, restoratives being administered to him, he soon recovered his recollection. But he did not explain to any of his shipmates wherefore he had been found out of his hammock, in a deep swoon; he kept his late encounter a profound secret from all, and did not even allude to the advent of the fore-castle's late visitor. He did not exactly know why he maintained this secrecy; in doing so he merely obeyed an unaccountable impulse, nothing more.

In the course of a few days, having perfectly recovered from his recent attack of illness, the man resumed his accustomed duties.

Dodd was now ever on the alert, ever watching and waiting for the reappearance of the fore-castle thief. He had an account to settle with that individual, and sooner or later, he hoped to be able to punish him according to his deserts, and establish his own innocence, in full.

Dodd was not an ignorant man, far from it; but he was one who, being injured, would sooner or later seek to avenge himself in some way.

All this while Desmoro plied, anxiety and terror preying upon him, and crushing all his happiness. He knew that his only enemy was near him, and, knowing that much, he quaked accordingly.

Of course you understand the length of this voyage; you are aware that a distance sixteen thousand miles cannot be performed in a week or two; certainly not, when you are wholly dependent on the ever-changeable winds, and your ship has no assistance from steam-engines.

Dodd kept a sharp look-out over matters; but, sharp as he was, he did not succeed in discovering anything further than he had already learned. And, in the meantime, the ship, favored by prosperous gales, pursued her onward course.

The sailor was almost beginning to despair, for the thief, who evidently watched his opportunities, had never once shown himself since Dodd had encountered him in the fore-castle. The steward had, as usual, been complaining of the constant raids committed on his store-room,

which room was between decks, and at no considerable distance from the crews' quarters; but no one, excepting Neddy and Dodd, had seen anything of the robber in question, his existence was a mystery to all, save four of our characters.

The wind now lulled, and the Mary Ann lay in a dead calm, her white sails idly flapping to and fro. And thus she had remained for several days when a light breeze sprang up, moving the ship lazily along, at about two knots an hour.

And thus sped away a whole week, and then another, and another.

Our passengers were in despair at the slow progress they were making. Yet what was to be done, since the Captain and the boatswain had both been whistling for wind, and it had refused to come?

Desmoro was most impatient and unhappy at this delay. And he had much reason to be so, knowing, as he did, how near to him his direst enemy was.

The Captain was on deck, whistling, as was his habit—whistling for the wind, which still refused to obey his coaxing call, when a man from aloft shouted, "Land O!"

"Ay, Pernambuco," said the Captain, aloud to Desmoro, who was standing looking over the vessel's side. "We shall run in there for a few days, I think; we are short of fresh-water, and our sheep are all gone; yes, decidedly it will be best for us to recruit our stores a little."

Desmoro looked up at this.

"You are intending to put into port, Captain?" he asked, his colour suddenly changing. "Do you think such a step would be prudent?"

"I have no choice left, Mr. Symure," the Captain answered. "We must have a fresh supply of water."

Desmoro was silent for some few seconds. "I am thinking of the fellow in the hold—of that rascal, Pidgers," he said, with a shudder.

"So likewise am I," returned the Captain. "Do not imagine that I am losing sight of your affairs. I have them in view at this very moment. Your foe will not trouble himself to denounce you here at Pernambuco. It would not be worth his while to do so. No; he is waiting until we touch British soil, before he will emerge from his present concealment. The scoundrel is a most resolute one, else he could not endure as he does the stifling atmosphere of the hold, and all the many horrible discomforts to which he is there condemned. No fear need you entertain on his account at present, and before we reach England I will devise some scheme or other which shall utterly frustrate all his evil machinations. Have you any trust in me now?"

"Every trust, my kind friend!" breathed Desmoro, gratefully.

"That's right!" responded the Captain, in a hearty manner. "You shall go ashore to-morrow, and stretch your legs a little in Pernambuco. You look at me as if you doubted my word; I promise (heaven willing) that you shall do as I say. Now are you contented?"

"I cannot help feeling a certain amount of dread, notwithstanding all your kindly assurances. I am aware of the bitter foe I have to contend against, and know that I can expect no mercy at his hands, if ever those hands are permitted to fall upon me," Desmoro added, with a deep sigh. "On board of a ship is not like the bush. In the latter place I could have defied this fellow; but here I am hemmed in on all sides, and thoroughly in his power."

"His power!" echoed the Captain, with a gay laugh. "I see you still lack confidence in me and my promises. Well, never mind, we shall see!"

And so saying he turned to one of his officers, and gave him certain directions respecting the vessel's course, and various other matters.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

On the following day, the Mary Ann was lying safely moored in Pernambuco Harbor, and the Captain's gig was lowered, and waiting to convey the master and the passengers to the shore.

Brave-hearted as Desmoro had hitherto been, he was feeling sadly depressed and fearful now. Marguerite remarked his altered manners, which were so different now from what they had ever been before, and pondered much on the alteration.

Captain Williams kept his word. Desmoro took a walk in the streets of Pernambuco, and with Marguerite on his arm.

And the whole party, including the Count d'Auvergne, Marguerite, Colonel Symure, Desmoro, and the Captain, dined at the principal hotel at Pernambuco.

Desmoro tried to put on a happy expression, but that endeavor cost him much trouble, so great was his anxiety and mental pain, so strong was the fear that had taken possession of him.

The weather was excessively hot, and, even when the sun went down, the stifling heat continued. Our friends had returned to the ship, and had retired to their several state-rooms, where, fatigued with the exertions of the past day, they now soundly slumbered. On board the Mary Ann all was peace; no sound could be heard but the slow pacing to and fro of the night-watch, and the bells, as they sounded at certain intervals during the fleeting hours.

Dodd was the man on watch on this occasion—"Surly Dodd," as his shipmates had all learned to designate him.

Dodd was thinking of the fore-castle thief, and wondering in what part of the vessel he managed to abide at this particular time, when scarcely a breath of air was stirring.

The night was beautifully bright; the heavens



were refulgent with countless stars, and a full moon, like a burnished shield, shone forth, gilding the still waters, as they lay clear and deep beneath her.

The man paced round the deck, then he leaned over the ship's side, and gazed on the silent tide. There were only three other vessels in the harbor, and those were merely coasters, manned with Brazilian sailors.

Dodd suddenly turned round. He thought he heard footsteps near him. As he turned, he saw a dark, elfish-looking figure dart under the long-boat, and disappear.

Without pause, the sailor cried out, "Who's there?" But not being replied to, he flew after the figure, and caught hold of it. Dodd was strong enough now. This time, Pidgers (you are aware that it is he) had one of superior strength to contend against.

"Now, I've got yer!" cried the sailor, forcibly dragging out the struggling ruffian. "I aren't afraid of yer; sperrets don't kick and plunge after this sort o' fashion! Come into the light, and let me look at yer ugly figure-head!"

Confinement, and lack of proper food and water, had done their work upon Pidgers; and his resistance was but a feeble one at the present moment.

Dodd had pulled the rascal into the broad moon-light, and was there holding him firmly.

"Now," said the sailor, shaking the man in his grasp,—"now answer me, ye son of a sea-cook—ye scum of the galley coppers! Who and what are ye but a tarnal thief that I shall give up to the Captain, to be served as ye deserves to be served?"

"Let me goo," spluttered Pidgers,—"let me goo, and I'll promise to make yer rich!"

"Rich, ye lubber!" sneered the other. "None of your crocodile whinnies here, I don't understand any such lingo! I know what ye are, I say again; and having been made to suffer for your misdoings, I've made up my mind to hev my revenge on ye!"

Saying which, the sailor raised his voice; but its accents were suddenly checked. Pidgers had snatched a knife out of the man's belt, and plunged it deep into his breast.

Dodd's hand at once relaxed their hold, and he fell back on the deck, bleeding, and lost to all recollection.

At this instant, a man's form emerged from the cabin, and ten powerful fingers were gripping Pidgers' throat, and a loud voice was summoning the watch on deck.

Aroused by the well-known tones of their commander, the crew turned out of their hammocks, and rushed to the spot whence the cries proceeded, where they found the Captain cording a man's writhing form about the main-mast.

"Here's the fore-castle thief!" cried the Captain, addressing his men, and speaking in excited syllables. "I've caught him at last! Here, two of you lads, relieve me of this fellow—who has, I fear, done for poor Dodd yonder—and secure him hand and foot, until you can place him in irons! Pah! I feel contaminated by his very touch!" he added, in positive disgust. "The wretch would be all the better for a good towing overboard!"

Several of the crew had now taken possession of Pidgers' limbs, and, for him, all chance of present escape was entirely over.

"Carry him down below, and iron him heavily—do you hear?" pursued Captain Williams. "What do you think of your spirit, boatswain?" he continued, turning to that individual, who was standing, gaping with astonishment and perplexity, at a loss to comprehend the scene. "You see here the fellow who made those raids upon your rations and your grog! Do you recognise the pea-jacket he has on?"

"I does, Cap'n," replied the boatswain, "and werry much I wonders how he kin a-bear to wear it, in sich a roastin' toastin' latitood as this! Ah, you infarnal rogue! Where's my pannikin, eh?" he went on, turning to Pidgers, who was suddenly submitting himself to be bound hand and foot.

The Captain had crossed the deck, and, with others, was assisting the wounded seaman, who was borne at once into the cabin, which was all in commotion, the gentlemen passengers having left their state-rooms in order to ascertain the cause of the tumult on the deck.

"Do you know anything of surgery, Mr. Symure?" the captain demanded, addressing Desmond, who was standing near, pale as any ghost. "Here is a case for you, if you have only a little skill. The poor fellow has been stabbed by a rascal who has been concealed in the hold ever since we left Sydney Harbor!" he added, in marked accents, at the same time exchanging significant glances with Desmond. "I am much afraid that his is a hopeless case—that he will only linger out a few short hours!"

Desmond approached the man, and ripping open his flannel shirt, proceeded to examine his wound, from which the blood was quickly flowing.

"Great heaven!" cried Desmond; "the man is dying fast. No surgeon, however skillful such might be, could save him. He will never rally out of his present state; he will pass away without any knowledge of his sufferings."

"Suppose I send a boat ashore for surgical aid?" said the Captain. "I should only be performing my duty by so doing."

"True," rejoined Desmond; "but there will be great difficulty in finding a surgeon at this hour, and in a foreign place. The man will be past all aid before the boat can reach the shore. See, see! He is drawing his last breath even as I speak."

"Can nothing be done to save him?" the Captain wildly exclaimed.

"Nothing!" returned Desmond, solemnly. "He is gone already."

"Dead?" cried all, in shuddering horror. "Yes, he is dead," answered Desmond, turning away with a shiver, and dropping into a seat near him.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the Captain. "Murder has been done on board of the *Mary Ann*!"

"Murder! by whom?" queried the Count d'Auvergne, in considerable terror, retreating to the other end of the cabin as he spoke. "Dear, dear; pray explain matters, Captain Williams! My poor Marguerite will not, I hope, hear anything about this fatal and horrible affair!" he added, in great nervous trepidation. "I do trust she is fast asleep in her bed; the sight of this man's body would shock her exceedingly!"

"Is the murderer secured?" asked Colonel Symure, speaking to the Captain. "I am almost confounded—this occurrence is so terrible!"

"It is terrible, Colonel!" returned the Captain. "But rest content; the miscreant who struck the cruel and deadly blow is already heavily ironed, and thrust between hatches—where he shall remain until we sight British land; when he shall be handed over to justice, to meet his just deserts!"

As the Captain uttered these words, a loud shout rose on the air.

Captain Williams rushed out of the cabin, and reached the deck, just as another shout, louder even than the one before, assailed his ears.

The flood of moonlight, after the dimly-lighted cabin, for an instant almost blinded the Captain; but the scene that burst upon his sight was quickly understood.

The men had fastened ropes around Pidgers' body, and were towing him overboard; dragging him up the side of the vessel one moment, and in the next, letting him drop into the water; all this being accompanied by derisive shouts from the crew, and frenzied shrieks from the victim.

"Duck him ag'in, mates," cried the boatswain, in vengeful glee. "A good souse now for the pannikin o' rum he stole of me. Now fur it, mates!"

"Hold!" thundered Captain Williams, in tones of stern authority. "Is this the way in which the men I command obey my orders? Haul up the man directly; and let every one of you remember this, that your grog will be stopped during the remainder of the voyage. Boatswain, I am amazed to find you foremost in the disgraceful affair; an old seaman, like yourself, ought to have set his shipmates a better example than this."

There was a confused murmur of dissatisfaction from the sailors, who did not relish the notion of losing their daily allowance of rum; but they knew their captain's word would be law, and that he would not readily depart from that word whether such were uttered in passion or otherwise. Surly enough they hauled up the dripping, half-drowned man, whose arms and legs being bound with cords, was wholly unable to assist himself in any way.

"Unbind the ruffian; give him a dry shirt and trousers, and then put him in irons, and under the hatches, until we reach London. Give him plenty of food, for the miserable wretch will have to swing for the deed he has done this night. Dodd is dead!"

"Dead!" repeated the men, with a shudder of horror.

"Heaven preserve us all!" uttered the old boatswain, reverentially taking off his hat, and casting his eyes upwards.

Pidgers did not articulate a single syllable; he stood with moody looks, shaking in every limb. He was being baulked of his revenge on Desmond—baulked of a revenge for which he had been suffering whole months of darkness, cold, hunger, thirst, and wretchedness. But, oh! more terrible than all, he had killed a man, and he would have to answer to the law for the horrible deed he had done.

He did not feel much remorse for the awful act he had recently committed; remorse was not in Pidgers' line. He felt almost mad to think that he had been so frustrated in the plans he had arranged and he was beginning to wish that he had been left in the water wherein he had just been so mercilessly immersed.

He glanced furtively in the direction of the cabin, thinking that he might, perhaps, obtain a glimpse of Desmond or Colonel Symure; but his expectation in that respect was doomed to be disappointed, for not a single glimpse of either of them did he obtain.

The wretch did not entirely despair; even when loaded with manacles, he still continued to anticipate carrying his designs into effect.

He crouched in the inky darkness, and ground his teeth, venting curses many and deep. Oh, if he could but gnaw his fetters off—if his limbs were but once free again! There was blood on his hands—a fellow-creature's blood; yet he bestowed but little thought on that matter, he was thinking solely of his own malicious, base self.

He did not care for either the darkness or the loneliness of his place of imprisonment; for weeks and weeks Pidgers had been in gloom and solitariness both night and day.

"I've hev to swing high, eh?" muttered he to himself. "Not if I knows it! I war only a defendin' of mysel' when I used his knife. I did not go for to kill him—nout o' the sort. Oh, let 'em bring me afore the judges, I've able to stand up fur mysel'; an' as fur sweerin', I've sweer as weel as the best on 'em. I don't care fur the irons a single bit; let 'em put me on heavier ones if they loikes, it'll be all the same to me. I sees through that blessed cap'n, though he don't think I does, not he; sailors is al'ys a

stupid set—knows nothin' at all. I'd loike to o' clapt my two eyes on Maister Desmond; but he war too wise to come out o' th' cabin, an' show hisself; oh, ay, he knowed a card worth two o' that. In course, they thinks that they has got me safe yere, an' that because I've gotten my legs an' arms fast, I've not use my tongue; but they're varry much mistaken, as they'll quickly find out to their sorrow. Red Hand! My gracious, won't I thunder out that name as soon as ever I gits a chance o' doing so? I didn't come here to be nearly starved to death—to lie night after night a screwed up between the wool-bales, wee rats as big as kittens a playin' an' screechin' all about me—an' all that for nothin'. I never does nothin' from nothin', I doan't see no good as comes o' that sort o' work. If my teeth war only edged loike files now, I'd hev these irons off in less than no time. Weel, weel, we shall see; I've not give up, spite o' everythin', fur I aren't none o' yor cowards; I've gotten some pluck o' my own, I has. Goo on, then, Maister Desmond in th' cabin, wee all yor good eatin' an' drinkin'—goo on, I says; yor day's now, mine 'll be by-an'-by, when nobody 'll be dreamin' on it. I've be able to ruin this cap'n fellow; I knows that they'll put him in prison, an' try him fur helpin' of a convict to run away from the colony. Oh, I'll sarve him out for his treatment o' me, never fear fur that part o' the business! But I've bide my time—I've bide my time!"

On the following day the ship took in a supply of fresh-water, meat, and eggs; then a breeze springing up, the *Mary Ann* once more put out to sea, over which she scudded pleasantly, prosperous gales filling her white sails.

The body of the murdered man was consigned to the deep, and, despite the lovely weather and the favoring winds, a gloom hung over all on board of the *Mary Ann*.

Desmond looked upon himself as being the cause, indirectly, it is true, of the sailor's death, and reproached himself, accordingly. Thinking it wisest and best to confide to his father and friends the whole truth of the matter, he did so at once. And the Count and his daughter, and likewise Colonel Symure, were made fully acquainted with the painful facts, exactly as they existed.

As you may well imagine, the Colonel was greatly alarmed and shocked on hearing the story. Pidgers, his son's direst and most resolute foe, on board of the *Mary Ann*! Great heaven, what was to be done? How was Desmond to escape this man's malicious intentions?

As for the Count and Marguerite, they were quite in despair on Desmond's account, and the lady's anxiety was so harassing to herself, that she became ill through it, and gradually drooped, until she seldom felt able to quit her bed.

Captain Williams assured our friends that they had no earthly cause for all the solicitude they were suffering. "I have the villain in security," he said; "and as I have the law on my side, I can keep him in such, until I give him into the hands of authority. There is then no occasion, whatever, for you to quake about him—the adder is harmless without his sting. Again, I beseech you to put full faith in me, and in my promises also."

Now there was great dissatisfaction manifested by the crew, in consequence of the stoppage of their accustomed allowance of rum, which several times they came aft to demand. But the captain had issued his command, and the steward knew his duty too well to disobey those commands.

The men did their work with gloomy looks, and discontented mutterings were heard from one end of the ship to the other. Still the captain did not yield, although he could see a storm impending.

Hitherto his men had been well-conducted and faithful, now they appeared to be changed into a troop of mortal fiends, so unruly had they become, so strangely altered and violent were they in all their ways.

The captain kept a sharp eye over their every look and act; he was preparing himself to resist any attack that they might make upon him. He knew that some men's appetites were their masters, and he was not blind to that fact on the present occasion.

The men drew up a petition to their master, and came aft to present the same. But he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, and ordered them all to go about their business.

"Were you asking me for anything but rum, I might be won to listen to your wishes; as it is, I can only repeat to you my former denial," he replied.

The boatswain now stepped forward as spokesman, but Captain Williams refused to hearken to anything he could say.

"Go about your business, all, and do not again come aft on your present errand," he said, in authoritative accents, and turning aside as he spoke.

The men did not stir, and several loud oaths reached the master's ear.

"Am I to be obeyed or not?" he demanded, loudly and sternly, his face flushing as he spoke.

"Already you have transgressed, and by so doing have brought punishment upon your own heads; transgress again, and by heaven I will put you all in irons, and send you to keep company with yonder murderer below."

The boatswain turned the quid in his mouth, and silently slunk away, followed by the rest of the sailors, who were all complaining of the injustice and bitterness on their present lot.

But the captain, notwithstanding that he was a generous man, was a strict disciplinarian in every respect. He honored his word, which, when given, he held as sacred as any oath he could make. He had said that the men's allow-

ance of grog should be stopped, and nothing would ever induce him to unsay those words.

The Captain had always been so beloved by his men, that he could not believe that they would ever injure him in any way. He heard, then, their muttered menaces without much fear—little dreaming that they would seek to carry those menaces into effect.

"Are you as bad as the other lads?" he asked, turning and addressing the scowling man at the wheel.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "It ain't right for you to rob the men for'ards of their honest due! I speak my mind, sir, and don't care whether you likes it or not!"

The Captain opened his eyes, in amazement and anger. Never, in his whole life, had he been so insulted as now. He looked at the man steadily and sternly before he answered him.

"Perhaps you would like to take the entire command of my ship, eh?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Many's the true word uttered in jest!" was the meaning and rude rejoinder.

Captain Williams started, unwilling to credit his own hearing. But the man was grinning in the face of his commander, who could no longer doubt the testimony of his ears.

"You'll be made to suffer for this, my man," observed the master. "You seem to forget that there's law to be had in the land we are so quickly nearing. I'd recommend you to keep a still tongue in your head."

The sailor made no reply; and the Captain left the deck, and went into the cabin, where, seeking Desmond, he drew him aside, and related to him the scene which had just taken place between himself and the man at the wheel.

"I'm beginning to think that there's some evil abrewing towards me," said the Captain, shaking his head; "I'm almost sure there is."

"Amongst the crew?" questioned Desmond. "Assuredly."

"On account of their rum being stopped?"

"Ay."

"You fear a mutiny?"

"I fancy I have cause to do so!"

Desmond was silent. Here, again, he felt that he was the source of trouble; whosoever he went, he carried with him mischief and tribulation. There was no peace for him, he feared—neither was there peace for any that befriended him.

"I am reproaching myself of being the cause of this terrible turmoil," Desmond sighed. "It is because of me that you are being thus distressed. Great heaven! it seems as if I am doomed to bring misfortune upon every hand that stretches itself out to aid me."

"My dear Mr. Symure, set your mind perfectly at rest about this unpleasant affair. Do not let it disturb you in the least," returned the Captain, very kindly. "The rascals will come round by-and-by, perhaps."

"Perhaps?"

"Well, one can make certain of nothing in this world, save death."

"True."

"We must, however, prepare ourselves for the worst that can happen; it will be only prudent so to do. I do not positively anticipate violence from the men, yet they might offer such; it is just within the range of probability that they might mutiny, you understand."

"They have no fire-arms of any kind?"

"None, that I am aware of."

"While on the other hand, you are well provided with such?"

"Yes; they'd meet with a desperate resistance at our hands—at four pairs of hands all so well skilled in the use of arms. But have you no fear! In the words of the proverb, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

Desmond shook his head sadly. His heart was full of alarm, and his hitherto firm nerves were fast succumbing to fresh terror.

(To be continued.)

Is it very unfair to suspect ladies who complain of the extravagance of fashions (says the "Globe"), which they nevertheless feel themselves obliged at any expense to follow, of being just a little insincere? If such a suspicion is unjust, now is the time to express it frankly, because there is at this moment an admirable opportunity for showing it to be unfounded. The queens of fashion in Rome are preparing costumes that fill the milliners with despair. Coarse sheets are being bought to cut into polonaises; and "traliccio," which, under a high-sounding name, means nothing more magnificent than mattress-ticking, is being made up into dresses trimmed with innumerable metal buttons. The cause of this singular rage for tearing beds to pieces in order to turn bed-clothes into day-clothes seems to be a caprice of the Princess Margherita, who bought a piece of blue and white striped ticking for her summer dress—a proceeding which has set everybody else wild to follow so illustrious an example. The idea savors of genius in respect of the infinite number of its possible developments. A bed-curtain, for instance, trimmed with its brass rings, would be quite as long, and perhaps quite as graceful, as many trains that have already dragged their passing hour. It is curious to observe, however, how invariably extremes meet. A squaw has hitherto been regarded as eccentric for looking upon a blanket as the height of the mode and perhaps by next season a fine lady will be "not fit to be seen" unless she is dressed in a counterpane.



The Scriptures say:—"Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people." "A tale-bearer revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful (honorable) spirit concealeth the matter." "The words of the tale-bearer are as wounds that go down into the innermost parts of the belly." The Hebrews thought that the affections had their seat in the bowels; and by this phrase, "go down into the innermost parts of the belly," they signify how sharp and exasperating to the deepest feelings of our nature are the cruel offices of a common tattler. "Where no wood is the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale-bearing the strife ceaseth." As if he had said that so much of the strife of society arises from tattling that, if that were cured, there would hardly be any cause of quarrelling. Commend us to that religion which makes a man humane with his tongue and honorable with his ear.



## IN BYGONE DAYS.

## A MEMORY.

The green was on the old beech-tree,  
The gold was in the soft spring sky;  
A silver tearlet, like a star,  
Gleamed in the purple violet's eye.

Pink were the hawthorns, with the flush  
Of blossom-time and roseate morn;  
The blackbird piped on cherry spray,  
The bullfinch wanted in the thorn.

Red orchids spangled all the meads,  
And myriad nodding yellow bells  
Of fragrant cowslips speckled and starred,  
With knots of gold, the greening dells.

Oh! for the rose-hued halcyon time  
Of tender dreams—of life's sweet spring,  
When but to live and breathe is joy,  
And youth is vassal, Love is king!

That dear old beech! I see it yet,  
And shall whilst memory holds her throne;  
'Twas there I clasped my pure white dove,  
And found her heart was all my own.

There was a rustic, moss-grown seat,  
A haven for young Love's caress;  
There 'twas a question sweet I asked,  
And there my Nellie whispered, "Yes!"

Ah me! the brown is on the beech,  
The oak is red, the elm is dun;  
The hazels yellow all apace,  
The reign of autumn hath begun.

And down life's hill, hand clasped in hand,  
And heart to heart, as in our youth,  
We go together—Nell and I—  
One life, one love, one soul, one truth!

Wrinkled our cheeks, our hairs are white,  
And soon must come our closing scene;  
But, thanks to Him whose self is Love,  
Our hearts are ever, ever green.

Ay, green as when 'neath the old beech,  
On that red-letter day of life,  
Our young hearts full, our young hearts joined,  
She found a husband, I a wife.

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## PUBLICANS and SINNERS

## A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

## BOOK I.

## CHAPTER I.—Continued.

He seemed feeble, somewhat uncertain upon his legs, and Lucius's humanity came to the rescue.

"Take my arm as far as your house," he said; "my time is not especially valuable."

"Isn't it?" demanded the old man, looking at him suspiciously; "a young man about London whose time is of no use to him is in a bad road."

"I didn't say my time was of no use to me. Perhaps there are not many men in London who work harder than I. Only, as I take no pleasure, I have sometimes a margin left after work. I can spare half an hour just now, and if you like to lean on my arm it is at your service."

"I accept your friendly offer. You speak like a gentleman and an honest man. My house is not half a mile from here; you must know it if you know this neighborhood—Cedar House."

"I think I do. A curious old house, belonging evidently to two periods, half stone, half brick, standing back from the road behind a heavily-buttressed wall. Is that it?"

"Yes. It was once a palace or a royal hunting-lodge, or whatever you like to call it. It was afterwards enlarged, in the reign of Anne, and became a wealthy citizen's country seat, before there were all these abominations of factories and ropewalks and docks between the City and the eastern suburbs. I bought the place a bargain, and it suits me, as an empty hogshead would suit a mouse—plenty of room to turn round in it."

"The house looks very large, but your family is large, no doubt."

"My family consists of myself and my granddaughter, with two old servants,—trustworthy, of course. That is to say, they have learned by experience exactly to what extent they may safely rob me."

They were walking in an eastward direction as they talked; the old man leaning somewhat heavily on the younger.

Lucius laughed pleasantly at his companion's cynicism.

"Then you don't believe even in the honesty of faithful servants?"

"I believe in nothing that is not demonstrable by the rule of three. The fidelity of old ser-

vants is like the fidelity of your household cat—they are faithful to their places; the beds they have slept upon so many years; the fireside at which they have a snug corner where the east wind cannot touch their rheumatism."

"Yet there are instances of something better than mere feline constancy. Sir Walter Scott's servants, for instance, who put their shoulders to the wheel manfully when Fortune played their master false—the old butler turning scrub and Jack-of-all-trades, the old coachman going to the plough-tail. There is something awful in the descent of a butler, too,—like the downfall of an archbishop."

"I don't know anything about your Sir Walter Scott," growled Mr. Sivewright; "I suppose it is natural to youth to look at all things brightly, though I have known youth that didn't. You talk gaily enough for a young man who devotes no time to pleasure."

"Do you think pleasure—in the common acceptance of the word, meaning late hours and mixed company—really conduces to good spirits?"

"Only as opium engenders sleep—to leave a

"That way of talking is a fashion," said Lucius quietly; "but I daresay if you were seriously ill to-morrow, your thoughts would turn instinctively towards Savile-row; and perhaps if you were going to die, you'd feel all the happier if the friendly voice of your parish priest breathed familiar words of hope and comfort beside your pillow."

"I know nothing of my parish except that its rates are four-and-twopence in the pound," returned the other in his incisive voice.

A quarter of an hour's walking, beguiled by such talk as this, brought them to the house of which Lucius had spoken, a dwelling altogether out of keeping with the present character of the Shadrack-road. That heavily-buttressed wall, dark with the smoke and foul weather of centuries; that rusty iron gate, with its florid scroll work, and forgotten coat-of-arms (a triumph of the blacksmith's art three hundred years old); that dark-browed building within, formed of a red-brick centre, square, many-windowed, and prosaic, with a tall narrow doorway, overshadowed by a stone shell, sustained by cherubic heads of the Anne period, flanked by an older

without, and which seemed to the doctor of a lower temperature, as if in crossing that narrow boundary he had travelled a degree northward.

"Come in," said Mr. Sivewright, with the tone of a man who offers reluctant hospitality, "and have a glass of sherry. You've had a cold walk on my account; you'd better take a little refreshment."

"No, thanks; but I should like to see your house."

"Should you? There's not much to see; an old barrack, that's all," said the old man, stopping short, with a doubtful air, as if he would have infinitely preferred leaving the surgeon outside. "Very few strangers ever cross my threshold, except the taxgatherer. However,"—with an air of resignation,— "come in."

The old woman had opened the tall narrow door meanwhile, revealing a vista dimly lighted—lighted with a lamp which must have been feeble always, but which was now the veriest glimmer. Lucius followed his new acquaintance through this doorway into a large square hall, from which a broad oaken staircase ascended to a gallery that went all round it. There was just enough light for Lucius to see that this hall, instead of being bare and meagrely furnished, as he had expected to see it, was crowded with a vast assemblage of heterogeneous objects. Pictures piled against the gloomy panelled walls. Sculpture, porcelain and delf of every nation and every period, from monster vases of imperial lacquer to fragile déjeuners of Dresden and Copenhagen; from inchoate groups of vermin and shell-fish from the workshop of Pallissy, to the exquisite modellings of teapots resplendent with gods and goddesses from Capo-di-Monte; from gaudy dishes and bowls of old Rouen delf, to the perfection of Louis-Seize Sevres. Armor of every age, vases of jasper and porphyry, carved-oak cabinets, the particolored plumage of stuffed birds, Gobelins tapestry, South Sea shells, Venetian glass, Milan ironwork, were curiously intermingled, as if some maniac artist in the confusion of a once fine taste had heaped these things together. By that dim light, Lucius saw only the fitful glimmer of steel casques and breast-plates, the whiteness of marble busts and figures, the outline of jasper vases and huge Pallissy dishes. Later he came to know all those treasures by heart.

A Louis-Quatorze clock on a bracket began to strike six, and immediately a chorus of clocks in adjacent rooms, in tones feeble or strong, tenor or bass, took up the strain.

"I am like Charles the Fifth, particular about my clocks. I keep them all going. This way, if you please, Mr. —"

"Davoren."

"Davoren. That sounds a good name."

"My father cherished a tradition to that effect—a good middle-class family. Our ancestor represented his native county in Queen Elizabeth's first Parliament. But I inherited nothing except the name."

He was staring about him in that doubtful light as he spoke, trying to penetrate the gloom.

"You are surprised to see such a collection as that in the Shadrack-road? Dismiss your wonder. I am not an antiquarian; but a dealer. Those things represent the remnant of my stock-in-trade. I kept a shop in Bond street for five-and-thirty years."

"And when you retired from business you kept all those things?"

"I kept them as some men keep their money, at compound interest. Every year I live increases the value of those things. They belong to manufactures that are extinct. With every year examples perish. Ten years hence the value of my stock will have multiplied by the square of my original capital."

Mr. Sivewright opened a door on one side of the hall, and motioning to his guest to follow him, entered a room somewhat brighter of aspect than the hall without. It was a large room, sparsely furnished as to the luxurious appliances of modern homes, but boasting, here and there, in rich relief against the panelled walls, one of those rare and beautiful objects upon which the virtuoso is content to gaze throughout the leisure moments of a lifetime. In the recess on one side of the fireplace stood a noble old buffet, in cherrywood and ebony; in the corresponding recess on the side a cabinet in Florentine mosaic! from one corner came the solemn tick of an eight-day clock, whose carved and inlaid walnut-wood case was a miracle of art; and upon each central panel of the walls hung a cabinet picture of the Dutch school. So much for the pleasure of the eye. Mere sensual comfort had been less regarded in the arrangement of Mr. Sivewright's sitting-room. A small square of threadbare Persian carpet covered the centre of the oaken floor, serving more for ornament than for luxury. The rest was bare. A mahogany Pembroke table, value about fifteen shillings, occupied the middle of the room; one shabby-looking arm-chair, horsehair-cushioned, high-backed, and by no means suggestive of repose; two other chairs of the same family, but without arms; and a business-like deal desk in one of the windows, completed the catalogue of Mr. Sivewright's goods and chattels.

Preparations for dinner, scanty like the furniture, occupied the table, or rather preparations for that joint meal which, in some economical households, combines the feminine refreshment of tea with the masculine and substantial repast. On one side of the table a small white cloth neatly spread, with a single knife and fork, tumbler, and Venetian flask half full of claret, indicated that Mr. Sivewright was going to dine; on the other side, a small oval mahogany tray, with a black Wedgwood teapot, suggested that some one else was going to drink tea. A hand-ful of fire burned cheerfully in the wide old,



"ON THAT RED-LETTER DAY OF LIFE."

man three times as wakeful afterwards," said Mr. Sivewright. "I have done without that kind of pleasure myself throughout a long life, yet I hardly count myself wise. Fairly to estimate the lightness of his own particular burden, a man should try to carry a heavier one. There is no better tonic for the hardworker than a course of pleasure. You are in some trade or profession, I presume," he added, turning his sharp glance upon his companion; "a clerk, perhaps?"

"No; but something that works harder than a clerk. A parish doctor."

Mr. Sivewright recoiled palpably.

"Don't be alarmed," said Lucius; "it was not as a possible patient that I pulled you out of the cab. My practice doesn't lie among the upper classes."

"Nor do I belong to the upper classes," answered the other quickly. "I forgive you your profession, though I am among those prejudiced people who have an innate aversion from doctors, lawyers, and parsons. But the machinery of commerce won't allow us to dispense with the lawyers; and I suppose among the poor there still lingers a remnant of the old belief that there's some use in doctors. The parsons thrive upon the foolishness of women. So there is a field still left for your three learned professions."

wing of gray moss-discolored stone, with massive mullioned windows, had nothing in common with the shabby rows and shops and skimpy terraces and bulkheads and low-roofed disreputable habitations of the neighborhood. It stood alone, a solitary relic of the past; splendid, gloomy, inscrutable.

Nothing in the man Sivewright interested Lucius Davoren half so much as the fact that he lived in this queer old house. After all, a man's surroundings are often half the man, and our first impression of a new acquaintance is generally taken from his chairs and tables, the manner of the servant who opens his door, or the aspect of his entrance hall.

The grim old iron gate was not a portal to be opened with a latchkey. It looked like one of the outworks of a fortification, to be taken by assault. Mr. Sivewright pulled at an iron ring, suspended beyond the reach of the gutter children of the district, and a bell rang at a distance within the fastness, a hoarse old bell, rusty no doubt like the gate. After a lengthy interval, measured by the gauge of a visitor's patience, but which Mr. Sivewright accepted with resignation as a thing of course, this summons produced an elderly female, with slipped feet, a bonnet, and bare arms, who unlocked the gate, and admitted them to an enclosure of fog, stagnant as compared with the fog in circulation



fashioned grate, contracted into the smallest possible compass by cheeks of firebrick. Throughout the room, scrupulously neat in every detail, Lucius recognized the guiding spirit of parsimony, tempered in all things by some gentler household spirit which contrived to impart some look of comfort even to those meagre surroundings. A pair of candles, not lighted, stood on the table. Mr. Sivewright lighted one of these, and for the first time Lucius was able to see what manner of man his new acquaintance was. All he had been able to discover in the fog was the leonine head and hawk's eye.

The light of the candle showed him a countenance once handsome, but now deeply lined, the complexion dark and sallow, deepening to almost a copper tint in the shadows. The nose aquiline and strongly marked, with thin delicately curved nostrils; the upper lip singularly long, the mouth about as indicative of softness or flexibility as if it had been fashioned out of wrought iron; the cheeks worn and hollow; the brow and temples almost hidden by the long loose gray hair, which gave that lion-like aspect to the large head—altogether a face and head to be remembered. The figure tall and spare, but with breadth of shoulder; at times bent, but in some moments of vivacity drawn suddenly erect, as if the man by mere force of will could when he pleased recover for an interval the lost energy of his departed youth.

"A curious face," thought Lucius; "and there is something in it—something that seems like a memory or an association—which strikes me more forcibly than the face itself. Yet I know not what. I daresay I have dreamed of such a face, or have shaped it in my own fancy to fit some favorite creature—Ugolino, Lear, who knows!"

"Sit down," said Mr. Sivewright, pointing to a chair opposite his own, into which he had established himself with as comfortable an air as if the chair itself had been the crowning triumph of luxurious upholstery. "You can drink claret, I suppose?" taking a couple of glasses from the Florentine cabinet, and filling them with the wine on the table. "I drink no other wine myself. A sound light Medoc which can hurt nobody."

"Nobody whose stomach is fortified with a double casing of iron," thought Lucius, as he sipped the acid beverage, which he accepted out of courtesy.

"Ten minutes past six," said Mr. Sivewright, ringing a bell; "my dinner ought to be on the table."

An inner door behind Lucius opened as he spoke, and a girl came into the room carrying a little tray, with two small covered dishes. Lucius supposed the new-comer to be a servant, and did not trouble himself to look up till she had placed her dishes on the table, and lingered to give the finishing touches to the arrangement of the board. He did look up then, and saw that this ministering spirit was no common serving-wench, but one of the most interesting women he had ever seen.

She was hardly to be called a woman; she was but in the opening blossom of girlhood; a fragile-looking flower, pale as some waxen petalled exotic reared under glass, with the thermometer at seventy-six. She had something foreign, or even tropical, in her appearance; eyes dark as night, hair of the same sombre hue. Her figure was of middle height, slim, but with no sharpness of outline; every curve perfection, every line grace itself. Her features were delicately pencilled, but not strikingly beautiful. Indeed, the chief and all-pervading charm of her appearance, was that exquisite delicacy, that flower-like fragility which moved one to exclaim "How lovely, but how short-lived!"

Yet it is not always these delicate blossoms which fade the first; the sturdy foxglove will sometimes be mown down by death's inexorable sickle, while the opal-hued petals of the dog-rose still breast the storm. There was a strength of endurance beneath this fragile exterior which Lucius would have been slow to believe in. The girl glanced at the stranger with much surprise, but without the slightest embarrassment. Rarely did a stranger sit beside that hearth; but there had been such intruders from time to time, traders or clients of the old man's. She had no curiosity upon the subject.

"Your dinner is quite ready, grandfather," she said; "you had better eat it before it grows cold."

She lifted the covers from the two dainty little dishes—a morsel of steak cooked in some foreign fashion—a handful of sliced potato fried in oil.

Lucius rose to depart.

"I won't intrude upon you any longer, Mr. Sivewright," he said; "but if you will allow me to call upon you some day and look at your wonderful collection, I shall be very glad."

"Stay where you are," answered the other in his authoritative way; "you've dined, I've no doubt. A convenient way of settling that question. Lucille, my granddaughter, can give you a cup of tea."

Lucille smiled, with a little gesture of assent strikingly foreign, Lucius thought; and an English girl would hardly have been so gracious to a nameless stranger.

"I told you, when we first met in that abominable fog that liked your voice. I'll go farther now, and say I like your face. I forgive you your profession, as I said before. Stay, and see my collection to-night."

"That is as much as to say, 'See all you want to see to-night, and don't plague me with any future visits,'" thought Lucius, who found that meagrely-furnished room, that scanty fire, more attractive since the appearance of Lucille.

He accepted the invitation, however; drew his chair to the tea-table, and drank two cups of tea and ate two or three small slices of bread-and-butter with a sublime disregard of the fact that he had not broken his fast since eight o'clock in the morning. He had acquired a passion for mild decoctions of congo in those days of privation far away beyond the Saskatchewan; and this particular tea seemed to have a subtle aroma that made it better than any he had ever brewed for himself beside his solitary hearth.

"I became a tea-drinker four years ago, in the Far West," he said, as an excuse for his second cup.

"Do you mean in America?" the girl asked eagerly.

"Yes. Have you ever been over yonder?"

"Never; only I am always interested in hearing of America."

"You had much better be interested in hearing of the moon," said Mr. Sivewright with an angry look; "you are just as likely to discover anything there that concerns you."

"You have relations or friends in America, perhaps, Miss Sivewright?" inquired Lucius; but a little warning look and gesture from Lucille prevented his repeating the question.

He began to tell her some of his adventures beyond the Red River—not his hours of dire strait and calamity, not the horror of his forest experiences; those were things he never spoke of, scenes he dared not think of, which it was misery to him to remember.

"You must have gone through great hardship," she said, after listening to him with keen interest. "Were you never in actual peril?"

"Once. We were lost in a forest beyond the Rocky Mountains. But that is a period I do not care to speak of. My dearest friend was ill—at the point of death. Happily for us a company of Canadian emigrants, bound for the gold-fields, came across our track just in time to save us. But for that providential circumstance I shouldn't be here to tell you the story. Wolves or wolverines would have picked my bones."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Lucille, with a shudder.

"Yes. Wolves are not agreeable society. But human nature is still more horrible when it casts off the mask of civilisation."

Mr. Sivewright had finished his dinner by this time, and had absorbed two glasses of the sound Medoc without a single contortion of his visage; a striking instance of the force of habit.

"Come," said he. "I'll show you some of my collection. You're no judge of art, I suppose. I never knew a young man who was; though they're always ready enough with their opinions."

He took up one of the candles, and led the way to the hall, thence to a room on the other side of the house, larger than the family sitting-room, and used as a storehouse for his treasures. Here Lucius beheld the same confusion of *bric-à-brac* which had bewildered him on his first entrance into that singular mansion, only on a larger scale. Pictures again, statues again, cabinets, tables, fragmentary pieces of mediæval oak carving, stray panels that had once lined old Flemish churches, choir-stalls with all the sacred story carved upon their arms and backs; armour again, grim and ghastly as the collection of the Hôtel Cluny, demonstrating how man's invention, before it entered the vast field of gunnery, had lavished its wanton cruelty on forms that hack and hew, and jag and tear and saw; spiky swords, pole-axes with serrated edges, spears with dangling iron balls studded with sharp points, and so on. Ceramic ware, again, of every age, from a drinking-vessel dug from beneath one of the earth-mounds on the shores of the Euphrates to the chocolatière out of which Marie Jeanne Vaubernier, otherwise Du Barri, took her last breakfast; and rising grim above the frivolities of art loomed the gaunt outline of a Scottish Maiden, the rough germ of the Gallic guillotine.

The old man looked round his storehouse with a smile of triumph, holding aloft his single candle, every object showing strangely, and casting uncanny shadows in that feeble light, he himself not the least curious figure in the various picture. He looked like some enchanter, who, at a breath, had called these things into being.

"You astound me!" exclaimed Lucius, looking about him with unaffected wonder. "You spoke some time ago of having saved the remnant of your stock; but you have here a collection larger than I should have supposed any dealer in curiosities would care to amass, even in the full swing of his business."

"Perhaps," answered Mr. Sivewright with a dreamy air. "For the mere purposes of trade—for trade upon the nimble-ninety system—there is no doubt too much. But these things have accumulated since I left off business. The passion for collecting them was not to be put away as easily as I put up my shutters with the expiry of a long lease. My harpy of a landlord asked a rent so exorbitant, that I preferred cutting short a successful trade to pandering to his greed. True that the situation had increased in value during the last twenty-one years of my residence; but, in short, I declined to toil for another man's profit. I turned my back upon Bond-street, determined to take life quietly in future. I found this old house—a dead bargain, and roomy enough to hold my treasures. Since that time I have amused myself by attending all the great sales, and a good many of the little ones. I have even been over to Paris—and farther afield—on special occasions. My collection has grown upon me—it represents all I possess in the world, all that I can ever leave to my descendants. As I told you, I anticipate that as the value of money decreases, and the

age grows more artistic, the value of these specimens, all relics of departed arts, will be multiplied fourfold."

"A wise investment in that case," replied Lucius; "but if the age should have touched its highest point of luxurious living, if the passion for splendid surroundings, once the attribute only of a Buckingham or a Hertford, now the vice of the million, should work its own cure, and give place to a Spartan simplicity, how then?"

"My collection would most likely be purchased by the State," said the old man coolly; "a destiny which I should infinitely prefer to its integration, however profitable. Then, Mr. Davoren, the name of Homer Sivewright would go down to posterity linked with one of the noblest museums ever created by a single individual."

"Pardon me," said Lucius; "but your name Homer—is that a family or merely a Christian name?"

"The name given me by my foolish old father—whose father was a contemporary of Bentley who gave his life to the study of Homer, and tried to establish the thesis that early Greece had but one poet; that the cyclic poets were the merest phantasmas; and that Stasimus, Arctinus, Lesches, and the rest, were but the mouthpieces of that one mighty bard. Every man is said to be mad upon one point, or mad once in twenty-four hours. My father was very mad about Greek. He gave me my ridiculous name—which made me the laughing-stock of my school-fellows—a university education, and his blessing. He had no more to give. My college career cost him the only fortune he could have left me; and I found myself at one-and-twenty fatherless, motherless, homeless, and penniless, and—what to my poor father would have seemed worst of all plucked for my incapacity to appreciate the niceties of Homeric Greek."

"How did you weather the storm?"

"I might not have weathered it at all, but for a self-delusion which sustained me in the very face of starvation. But for that I could hardly have crossed Waterloo-bridge without being sorely tempted to take the shortest cut out of my perplexities. I fancied myself a painter. That dream kept me alive. I got bread somehow; sold my daubs to a dealer; made some progress even in the art of daubing; and only after five years of hard work and harder living awoke one day to the bitter truth that I was no more a painter than I was a Grecian, no nearer Reynolds than Porson."

"You bore your disappointment bravely, I imagine."

"Why imagine that?"

"Because your physiognomy teaches me your ability to come safely through such an ordeal—a will strong enough to stand against even a worse shock."

"You are right. I parted with my delusion quietly enough, though it had brightened my boyhood, and kept me alive during five weary years. As I could not be a painter of pictures, I determined to be a dealer in them, and began life once more in a little den of a shop, in a court near Leicester-square—began with ten pounds for my capital; bought a bit of old china for three-and-sixpence, and sold it for five shillings; had an occasional stroke of luck as time went by; once picked up a smoke-darkened picture of a piggery, which turned out an indisputable Morland; went everywhere and saw everything that was to be seen in the shape of pictures and ceramic ware; lived in an atmosphere of art, and brought to bear upon my petty trade a genuine passion for art, which stood me in good stead against bigwigs whose knowledge was only technical. In four years I have a stock worth three thousand pounds, and was able to open a shop in Bond-street. A man with a window in Bond-street must be an arrant ass if he can't make money. The dilettanti found me out, and discovered that I had received the education of a gentleman. Young men about town made my shop a lounge. I sold them the choicest brands of cigars under the rose, and occasionally lent them money, for which I charged them about half the interest they would have paid a professed usurer. My profits were reinvested in fresh stock as fast as they accumulated. I acquired a reputation for judgment and taste; and, in a word, I succeeded, which I should never have done had I insisted upon thinking myself a neglected Raphael."

"I thank you for your history, more interesting to my mind than any object in your collection. I do not wonder that you were loth to part with the gems of art you had slowly gathered; but had none of your children the inclination to continue so fascinating a trade?"

"My children," repeated Homer Sivewright, with a gloomy look; "I have no children. When you talk to a stranger, Mr. Davoren, beware of commonplace questions. They sometimes gall a raw spot."

"Pardon me; only seeing that interesting young lady—your granddaughter—"

"That granddaughter represents all my kindred upon earth. I had a son—that girl's father—but there is not a figure carved on yonder oaken choir-stalls that is not of more account to me than that son is now."

Lucius was silent. He had been unlucky enough to stumble upon the threshold of a family mystery. Yes, he had fancied some touch of sadness, some vague shadow of a quiet grief, in that sweet young face. The child of a disgraced father; doubtless her gentle spirit even yet weighed down by the memory of some ancient shame. He thought of the sorrow that had darkened his own youth—the bitter memory of which haunted him even yet—the memory of his lost sister.

He went through the collection, seeing things as well as he could by the doubtful light of a solitary candle. Mr. Sivewright displayed his various treasures with infinite enthusiasm; dilating upon the modelling here, the coloring there; through all the technicalities of art. He kept his guest absorbed in this investigation for nearly two hours, although there were moments when the younger man's thoughts wandered back to the parlor where they had left Lucille.

He was thinking of her even while he appeared to listen with intense interest to Mr. Sivewright's explanation of the difference between *pâte tendre* and *pâte dure*; wondering if she lived alone in that huge rambling house with her grandfather, like little Nell in the Old Curiosity Shop; only it was to be hoped with no such diabolical familiar as Quilp privileged to intrude upon her solitude. So anxious was he to be satisfied on this point, that he ventured to ask the question, despite his previous ill-fortune.

"Yes," answered Mr. Sivewright coolly, "we live quite alone. Dull, you'll say, perhaps, for my granddaughter. If it is, she must resign herself to circumstances. There are worse things to bear than want of company. If she hadn't this home, she'd have none. Well, I suppose you've seen as many of these things as you care about. I can see your mind's wandering, so we may as well bid each other good-night. I'm obliged to you for your civility this afternoon. This way."

He opened the door into the hall. A somewhat abrupt dismissal, and one Lucius had not expected. He had reckoned upon finishing his evening far more pleasantly in the society of Lucille.

"I should like to bid Miss Sivewright good-evening," he said.

"There's no occasion. I can do it for you. There's your hat, on the black-marble slab yonder," seeing his visitor looking round in search of that article, with a faint hope that he might have left it in the parlor.

"Thanks. But I hope you don't forbid my coming to see you again sometimes?" Lucius asked bluntly.

"Humph!" muttered the old man, "it would sound ungracious to talk of forbidding any future visit. But I have lived in this house five years, and have not made an acquaintance. One of the chief attractions of this place, to my mind, was the fact that it was cut off by a ten-foot wall from the world outside. With every wish to be civil, I can't see why I should make an exception in your favor. Besides you've seen all there is worth seeing within these walls; you could have no possible pleasure in coming to us. We are poor, and we live poorly."

"I am not a seeker of wealthy acquaintance. A quiet fireside—an atmosphere of home—brightened by the refinements of art: that is what I should value above all things in a house where I was free to visit; and that your house could give me. But if you say No, I submit. I cannot force myself upon you."

"I have a granddaughter who will be penniless if she offends me," said the old man, with the same gloomy look which had darkened his face when he spoke of his son. "I do not care for any strange influence to come between us. As it is, we are happy—not loving each other in any silly romantic fashion, but living together in calm endurance of each other. No; I should be a fool to admit any disturbing element."

"Be it so," said Lucius. "I am a struggling man, and have hardly trodden the first stage of an uphill journey. The friendship I offer is not worth much."

"I should refuse it in exactly the same manner if you were a millionaire," answered the other, opening the heavy old door, and admitting a rush of damp fog. He led the way across the forecourt, unlocked the tall iron gate, and his visitor passed out into the sordid realities of the Shadrack-road.

"Once more, good-night," said Mr. Sivewright.

"Good-night," answered Lucius, as the gate closed upon him, with a creak like the note of an evil-minded raven. He turned his face homeward, intensely mortified. He was a proud man, and had offered his friendship to a retired bric-à-brac dealer only to have it flatly rejected. But it was not wounded pride which vexed him as he walked home through the fog.

"There's no such thing as love at first sight," he said to himself; "yet when a man has lived for half-a-dozen years without seeing a pretty face in his own rank of life, his heart is apt to be rather inflammable."

To be continued.

PERSIAN LADIES' DRESS.—Of all the female costumes of the East the Persian is undeniably the most unbecoming. It is perfectly impossible to tell whether the figure wrapped in pillow-case and latticed veil belongs to a girl of fourteen or an old lady of sixty. Indoors a Persian lady is scarcely less inelegant. The long trousers are usually of thick silk, reaching down to the ankle, and from twenty to five-and-twenty yards wide, and so stiff that they stand out like the old hooped petticoats of our grandmothers. The upper part of the body is covered by a bodice, more or less richly embroidered, under which a white silk chemise is to be seen. The Persian manner of sitting is not crossed-legged, *à la Turque*, but is a complete kneeling position, with the hips almost resting upon the ankles, and the back upon a cushion.



## MAIDS AND MATRONS.

## I.

Love'y little beings,  
Blythe, and pure, and gay;  
Happy in their innocence  
All the livelong day.

## II.

Weary, suffering creatures,  
Labor never done;  
From their careworn features  
Banished mirth and fun.

## III.

Little fairy feet  
Twinkling o'er the sod;  
Dainty little feet  
Beautifully shod.

## IV.

Languid feet and weary  
Slipshod feet—who cares?  
Tired of journeys dreary  
Up and down the stairs.

## V.

Tiny dimpled hands  
Glancing o'er the keys;  
Working little mischiefs  
Naughty men to tease.

## VI.

Hands coarse and red with working,  
Flour-white, or black with dust;  
When lazy maids are shirking,  
Work the house-wife must.

## VII.

Brilliant liquid eyes  
That each thought reveal;  
That upon the soul  
Like a sunbeam steal.

## VIII.

Eyes red and dull with weeping  
Many a bitter tear,  
That nasty, old, house-keeping,  
Red acct. books bear.

## IX.

Curling silken lashes,  
Merciful are you,  
Velling dazzling orbs  
Too gloriously blue.

## X.

Heavy lid's long lashes,  
A tattered fringe appears;  
Nor hides the angry flashes  
Glimmering through tears.

## XI.

Finely pencilled brows  
Like bows in rainy skies;  
Accents circumflectant  
O'er the speaking eyes.

## XII.

Brows as black as thunder  
With a threatening frown;  
Or raised in cynic wonder  
That Betty isn't down.

## XIII.

Charming little noses,  
Greek or aquiline;  
Tiny curving nostrils  
Roseate and fine.

## XIV.

Perky noses, sniffing  
Onions for the pie;  
Curled in scornful "tiffing,"  
Ending in "a cry."

## XV.

Gem bedecked, transparent,  
Watchful little ears,  
Which the postman's ring  
Fills with hopes and fears.

## XVI.

Ears by knocks appalling,  
Of cruel duns made wild;  
Deafened by the squalling  
Of a fretful child.

## XVII.

Tempting ruby lips  
Like a budding rose,  
Parted by a fragrance  
Such as flowers disclose.

## XVIII.

Pale word portals, folding  
Underneath the nose,  
Only cease their scolding  
When in deep repose.

## XIX.

Little dears who think  
Marriage must be bliss;  
Little fools, who hover  
On a precipice.

## XX.

Poor martyrs, whose alluring  
Young charms no more are found,  
Still patiently enduring  
Life's weary, dreary round.

## THE "SUPER'S" STORY.

Before I begins, I wishes to say a few words—a sort of prologue-like to my little drama. I aint a-writing this myself: I couldn't, I was never taught. I went to a school once, certainly; but that was only a Sunday one, so o' course writing and all them games is foreign languages to me. A swell gent is a-taking everything as I says down, in the bar parlor of a public next the theatre. He says he's on the press, and he's stood threepenn'orth of Irish hot; and there you have us, he—the swell gent—a-writing as I speaks, and me a-talking and drinking. (Here's your very good health!) Now the overture is over, and up goes the curtain.

I'm a super. I suppose you knows what that is? If you don't, and aint theatrically inclined, I'll tell you. A super's one of them as takes the small parts in a play, where the "business" is important and the "cackle" aint particular. That's a super.

When Shakspeare wrote "A man in his time plays many parts," he must have had a super in his eye, if supers was invented in those days, which I suppose they was, or Shakspeare aint the man I took him for. Bless you! our rôle is unlimited—we does everything. Why, in one piece sometimes I takes a matter of half a dozen parts, if not more. Say "Hamlet" is put up: first I'm a guard a walking on the ramparts of the castle; then I'm a courtier attending on the king; then I'm a recorder (which aint got nothing to do with the law, as I thought at one time, but performs on a sort of flute); then I'm a sailor; after that a mute at Ophelia's funeral; then I'm a soldier again, or a courtier, as the case may be. And there I am. A super's more important than anybody may think. Send a king on without his court, and where would he be? Let Richard the Third enter without his army at his back, and he'd be hissed off for certain. A play is like that bundle of sticks business—taken all of a lump it's firm; part 'em and it's all up. Just you take away the supers from a play, and an audience of babbies wouldn't put up with it.

I gets a shilling a night, and finds my own color, which, being a saving man, I usually manages to scrape enough up of the waste in the painting room—for in the matter of lime and ochre artists is prodigals; and if I'm hard up for black—for a eyebrow or a moustache, for instance—I gets the needful from the chimney pipe of the stove in the property-room.

I made my first appearance at the Adelphi Garden, at the age of six, as a frog in the pantomime, which was an immense success, and I've been a-going on with great éclat (as I once heard our leading man say) ever since. I've worked my way up to the top of my profession in my line, which is heavy lead of supers; and I've occasion to know that at particular times—say the first night of a new piece—I'm looked up to by the management to carry the play through; and I generally contrives to satisfy the most sanguinary expectations.

I'm proud of my profession. I aint only a actor for the sake of the filthy lucre (which I suppose means coin), but for the literature and art—specially the art. I've studied it—really studied it; you mayn't think so, but it's a fact. Many's the night I've stood at the "wings," when the stage manager weren't nowhere near, a-listening to the play. And in most stock pieces I know where the points ought to be; and if a novice fails to make 'em—which he invariably do—I'm disgusted in proportion. I've served under Edmund Kean, William Macready, and all the stars since. I once fell out with Mr. Macready, because I couldn't remember where to stand at a certain cue. He was very particular about his situations; and one day, at rehearsal, I couldn't think where I ought to be, and I made the same mistake so often that I got flustered. I was young at the time and rather sudden; so when Mr. Macready, almost out of patience, says—"Stand there, you dolt!" pointing to a place on the stage, I takes a piece of chalk out of my pocket and makes a + just where he wanted me to be; and there I stood looking as cool as a railway clerk, all the while I was as frightened as a amateur. If Mr. M.'s eyes at that identical moment had been daggers I shouldn't have been telling you this here. I never went on with Mr. Macready after that.

Edmund Kean was different. His way of doing things was just the same "off" and "on." If you didn't please him, you know'd it. I had to take a goblet of wine on to him one time, and I forgot my cue, and kept him waiting. When I did go on, he was regular boiling over with rage. He catches me by the collar of my coat and the roomy part of my breeches and pitches me slap off the stage. But he wasn't a bad sort; for after he was done he comes up to me and says he's very sorry for hurting me, and asked me what I'd have to drink.

I've been married, and had one child—a girl—and I'm a widower. I was married young, like most professionals. She was in the third row of the ballet, and inclined to be stout; but she didn't last long, poor soul! she had a apoplectic fit one night, and died in my arms in the green-room. I was very cut up at the time, because she was as good a wife as ever wore a ring.

My darter was as good-looking a girl as you'd meet anywhere; quite different from her mother—not in the beauty line, because she was nice-looking too, but in size. Rose was very thin. She followed in the same steps as my old woman, and I got her an engagement

at our theatre. Of course she fell in love—girls always do at that age, seventeen—with as rising a young fellow as I wished to see. I was proud of Rose, and I was glad it turned out so; and what's more, he wasn't ashamed of me, although I was only a super, which made me proud of him too. He was very jealous of Rose, and wanted to take her off the stage and marry her at once; but I objected on the score of age. I asked him to wait a year, till she was a little older, and he took my advice—rather unwillingly, I suspects, if his face was to be believed; but he didn't say so, for he always gave way to me, because I knew what was what better than he did.

One night Rose gets a letter sent round to her from a gent in the boxes, a-asking her to meet him outside, after the performance. She was very much hurt about it, for it was the first insult she'd received—they gets used to these things in time—and brought the letter to me. Just as I was a-reading it, up comes Charley—that's her young man—and Rose snatches the letter out of my hand, and puts it in her pocket; but not before Charley had seen it. He looks surprised, and he says—

"What's that?" says he.

"Oh, nothing," she says, playful like, and runs away; and he turned away too, but not in the same direction.

"When I saw Rose again, I says—

"Why didn't you show it him?" I says.

"Oh, father," she says, "he's so jealous; and if he'd seen it he'd have thrashed the fellow," she says, "and perhaps have got into a row, and I didn't want him to do that."

She gave me the letter, for fear he should ask for it; and I put it in my pocket, never a-thinking no more about it.

When work was done for the night, me and two or three others used to take our pipe and pot—which was half-a-pint of fourpenny—at a little pub round the corner, close to the theatre, where we was known and respected. There we used to talk over the events of the evening; and sometimes, when things was slow, we'd even condescend to talk politics, but not often—we left them frivolous subjects to people as hadn't the sense to appreciate art. While we was there that night, in comes a gent rather mopsy; he swaggered up to the counter, and calls for a bottle o' champagne, and then asks us to drink, which we did—we never refuses that. Well, he was a-going on about one thing and another, and at last he says—

"That Rose is a nice girl."

I pricks up my ears at this, and I puts down the glass of champagne as I was just a-rising to my mouth—the glass as he paid for—but I never says nothing. Then he goes on a-boasting, and says as he was a-going to see her home. I jumps up, and I says—

"I'm that lady's father, and if I wasn't a old man I'd knock you down."

Then I turns to my mates and tells 'em of the letter business; and takes it out of my pocket, and hands it to him, and gives him a bit of advice as he wanted. He was in that rage, that he was just a-putting up his fist to hit me, when Joe Pulter, one of us, floors him. Then we handed him over to a policeman. We was rather excited afterwards, what with having a extra half-pint, and the champagne we drunk afore we knew who we got it from.

Charley used always to see Rose home after the performance, and stay with her till I come; but he wasn't there that night, and Rose said he hadn't come with her as he always did, and laid the blame to the letter. She was naturally cut up about it, and I said—

"I'll tell him how it was in the morning."

But she says—

"No!" she says, "if he can't think me true to him without proofs, he sha'n't at all."

I seed it was no use a-arguing with her, so I gives in. My little beauty was very proud, and I liked to see it; but I never thought as how pride would turn love over as it did; although I ought to have known better, a-seeing so often how Pauline had a narrow escape of it.

She was very pale next morning, and her eyes looked like mine do sometimes when I aint got enough water to wash with comfortable, and leaves the color round under 'em; but it wasn't from that, I knowed, because Rose was a very tidy girl. I never says nothing, but I goes on a-eating and not pretending to notice anything different; and by and by off we goes to the theatre. I was very curious to see what Charley would do; but he only just takes off his hat—Charley always was a gentleman—and turns away again. This here made me feel very queerish, and I didn't know what to make on it.

Things went on in this here unfortunate style for a week. Rose was too proud to explain, although I wanted her to; but no, not her! and there we was. One morning she didn't come down to breakfast as usual, so I goes up to her bed-room and says—

"What's the matter, my beauty?"

"Oh, father!" says she, "I don't feel very well just now. I dare say I shall be all right to-night."

But her hand was a-trembling like a leaf, and her eyes was sunk; and when I come to look at her close, I was staggered to see how she'd altered in them few days.

It flustered me more than I should a-thought; so I gives her a kiss, and tells her to lie down quiet, and off I goes to a doctor. He comes and feels her pulse, and such-like; then he calls me out on the land'ng, and says she's in a high state of fever, and must be kept very quiet, or he wouldn't be answerable for it. Then he began a-asking me about myself, and my profession and cetera.

"Not very rich, I suppose?" says he. "Ah, well," he says, "we sha'n't quarrel about the money."

And s'welp me goodness, as I'm standing here, he never charged me a blessed ha'penny for physic or nothing—not a ha'penny—and found the bottles besides.

When Charley sees me by myself, he didn't know what to make on it. He fidgets about me for ever so long, and at last he comes up and asks me where Rose was. I was very short with him, a-treating her as he was, though he didn't know the damage he'd done; so I says, stiff—

"My daughter's at home, sir—not so well as she might be."

"I hope she isn't ill," says he, quick.

"It don't much matter to you," I says, "whether she's ill or not," and I turns away, choking like, a-thinking of my little deserted beauty a-laying so quiet at home.

I hurried back as soon as I could, and goes up to her room; and, God help me! she was in that state she didn't know me, and wanted to know if I'd brought a message from heaven from Charley, as she was certain he was dead, because he hadn't been to see her. I tried to soothe her, but it was no good; there she kept rambling on about one thing and another, a-pretending to be talking to him, and a-telling him not to be sorry, as she'd soon join him. It made me feel queer-like, and moist about the eyes, and I remembered I was a old man, and began to think how I should feel when I was alone.

She lay in this state for a week, a-living chiefly on sop victuals, as I was obliged to force down her throat. It was a hard time—not because the money was short, I didn't mind that; but I couldn't abide to see my darling in pain. I never went near the public then, but hurried home every night as soon as the performance was over, a-hoping always as she'd be better, and would know me again; but she never did till about an hour before it come. It was a Sunday night, at church time. I used to like to think afterwards that my little darling was carried up to Heaven on the sound of the bells, as it died away on the breeze. I was a-sitting quiet at the window, melancholy-like, a-keeping my eye on Rose to see as she didn't want nothing, and somehow, the night my poor wife died came into my mind, and I couldn't get rid of the thought nohow. The more I tried, the more it would come. I remembered, as well as if it was yesterday, when I had her in my arms in the green-room, her a-looking up into my face as though she wanted to say something. So I says—

"Is it Rose, Mary?" I says, and she nods and smiles, and I promised as I'd be a kind father to her.

She smiles again at that, and lays her head on my shoulder. Then I see her eyelids a-closing, and that told me that the Great Prompter had rung down her curtain.

I was a-looking out of the window, and I sees somebody turn the corner, and stop in front of the house; but it was a-getting dark, and I couldn't make out who it was—I thought I knew the figure, too. Just as I was a-puzzling myself a-thinking who it could be, I heard my little darling call "Father." I runs to her quick, for it was the first time she'd knowed me since the fever took her. I had such a glad feeling at my heart as I can't tell here—it come so fresh to me after waiting so long, although it seemed to choke me, too, and I couldn't speak at the moment. I sits down by her head, and takes her hand in mine, and there we was, for the matter of a minute or two before either of us said a word, a-looking into each other's faces, joyfuller than we'd been for some time. Then, says she—

"Father," she says, "I want to see Charley."

I says—

"You shall to-morrow, my darling."

"Let me see him to-night, father," she says, beseechingly—"let me see him to-night, because—"

And there she stopped.

I gets up—not having it in me to see her want for anything as I could give her, though I couldn't make out why she was in such a hurry—leastways, I couldn't then: I do now. I puts on my hat, and just outside who should I see a-coming across the road from the other side but Charley hisself.

When he knew he was wanted, he runs up faster than I could, and by the time I got into the room, there she was, with her arms round his neck, a-smiling up into his face, and he a-kissing of her, as happy as birds. So I says nothing; but goes and sits on the stairs outside, a-waiting till they had made it up.

I felt almost jealous of Charley; and I thought—God help me!—as how he would take her away from me as soon as she was well. She was took away from me; but not by him—not by him.

I sat there for a matter of half an hour in the dark, when, all of a sudden, Charley gives a cry. I rushes in, and there was my darling, with her head a-laid quiet on his bosom, and her eyes shut; and I could see, by the sacred look on his face that my little beauty would never cheer my poor old heart again.

A NEW WAY OF BURNING STUMPS.—A writer in the *American Agriculturist* gets rid of stumps by boring a hole with a two-inch auger from the top of the stump to the bottom. Another hole is bored near the bottom at right angles to the first and connecting with it. Fire is kindled over the horizontal hole, and the natural draft draws the fire through the two holes, consuming the centre of the stump first and ultimately burning the whole.



## "THAT LITTLE FRENCHMAN."

## CHAPTER III.

## A TROUBLOUS TIME.

"I—prisoner! Nonsense—absurd!" exclaimed Rivière, turning pale as ashes. "Sir Richard, this is some mistake—will you explain? You, mon ami," he cried to the officer—"you have mistaken me for some one else."

"Louis Rivière, gentleman, Rue d'Auvergne, numero vingt," said the officer, coldly, reading from a paper in his hand.

"But for what? Good Heavens! They suspect me of the attempt. Mon Dieu—my poor Marie!"

At a sign from their leader, a couple of gendarmes placed themselves one on either side of the agonized man, who darted from them to Sir Richard's side, exclaiming, hoarsely—

"This is a mistake; but I know not how it will end. You are a man—you have your wife. Think of my feelings—my pauvre Marie. Will you—will Miladi Lawler go to her, say a few words of comfort—watch over her till I am again at liberty?"

"Indeed, we'll do all we can. Yes, yes—of course," cried Lady Lawler, excitedly; for she had entered, and heard the latter part of Rivière's appeal.

The next moment the little Frenchman was bending over the soft, white hand extended to him, to leave upon it a tear; there was the clanking noise of sabres on the floor, the door closed and the sounds died away as Lady Lawler sank weeping into a chair; while her husband stood silent and moody, as he passed in review the events of the past two days.

"I think it is time we left Paris," he said at last, gruffly. "Nice mess we've made of it!"

"What! and leave these poor people, who played the Samaritan to you, in the midst of trouble? Richard, I'm ashamed of you!" exclaimed Lady Lawler, impetuously. "I really don't think I should have married you if I had known that you could be so mean and shabby. I do hope Cii will not grow up like you. You can leave, though, when you please."

"I go?" said Sir Richard, staring.

"Yes, you can go. And you had better ask papa to come over and take care of me, while I see to your friends, whom you want to leave in the lurch."

"My friends—lurch!"

"Yes; your friends and mine, Dick. I am ashamed of you, that I am. But do you think I can't see through it all—you great silly fellow? You're jealous. And all because that nice little loveable Frenchman was polite, according to his nature. There, don't touch me. I haven't patience with you."

"But, Addy," pleaded Sir Richard.

"Don't Addy me, sir. Only think! To treat me like this—and so soon! What will it be at the end of—"

There were very strong evidences here of hysterics, and tears were already flowing abundantly. But vows, promises, and offers to do everything the lady wished had their due effect, and at last there was peace in the handsome suite of rooms occupied by Sir Richard Lawler and his lady; while, in a fever of excitement, Louis Rivière impatiently paced the stone floor of his allotted cell.

Truth to tell, Sir Richard Lawler felt but little gratitude towards the man who had been arrested in his apartments; but, urged thereto by his lady, he used every effort to procure Rivière's release, while Lady Lawler called again and again on the prisoner's wife, but only to receive rebuff after rebuff. Marie Rivière mistrusted her motives, and received her advances with unmistakable coldness.

But all Sir Richard's efforts were vain. Rivière had been denounced as one of the plotters against the King's life; and, in company with two more, was condemned to a long term of imprisonment; while three others were sentenced to death. The three former were considered to be the least culpable; hence their escape from the terrible penalty.

Sir Richard had a couple of interviews with Rivière, when, in a blunt, half-sympathizing manner, he explained how Madame Rivière had declined all offers of assistance, preferring apparently to trust to Monsieur Lemaire; and ended by saying that they departed shortly for their home in London, where he, Sir Richard, would at any future time be glad to see M. Rivière if he would give him a call, and to that effect he gave the prisoner a card.

Rivière smiled as the door closed, and thought bitterly of the future, and of the improbability of his ever seeing the pompous, weak baronet again. Then he thought of his wife's position, and of her behavior to Lady Lawler; and then he sat down upon his iron bedstead, to bury his face in his hands, and wonder whether those poor wretches whose heads had fallen by the guillotine's knife could suffer more than he did as day after day and week after week crept on in the customary prison routine.

The thoughts of his wife at times almost maddened him, as he recalled the past, and then thought of how, to all intents and purposes, he was condemned to death; for he was buried in these prison walls, cut off from all communication with the outer world. To those outside—wife, relations, all—he was dead, passed away from the busy world of life. And Marie? Well—why should she not?—she might marry again.

When he had been allowed he had written; and during the interviews permitted while his

trial had been in progress, he had given all the instruction he could to his wife; and then he had given way to the despair that oppressed him, sleeping or waking.

Months passed, and he was still in France, moved from prison to prison, and wondering whether one of the distant colonies was to be his home, when there came a change, and he was placed in a larger cell, with a companion, to pass a further term of this death in life—with one of those who had been implicated in the deed which had been the cause of his own arrest.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A REVELATION.

Twelve feet by twelve, fair measure. Four steps forward—the stone wall—turn; four steps backward—the wall—turn. Four steps forward, four steps backward—hour after hour, day after day, week after week; till the thought would come upon the prisoner that his acts were like those of a wild beast in his cage, when he would throw himself upon his rough bed, and lie and glare at his fellow-prisoner, seated where the light streamed in through the window bars, bony-fingered, and plaiting straw.

A contraction of the facial muscles, as Rivière thought of his own once busy fingers—fingers which he felt that he could only employ now in one way, in tearing at his prison walls; a contraction of the body; and then he would jerk himself round, so that he lay trying to pierce with his eyes the massive stones of his cell—mentally seeing the bright sunshine, the green trees, his own peaceful home, the face of his wife. And then would come clouds over the sunshine—the explosion, the arrest, the trial; and his thoughts would grow so agonizing that he would strive to lull them with fatigue, by leaping up, and once more pacing, like some imprisoned animal, up and down the length of his cell.

"Tonnerre!" he one day exclaimed, angrily snatching the plaited straw from his fellow-prisoner's hand, "you can be at rest in your guilt, while I—"

He checked himself; for in an instant he saw the pettiness of his anger, as his companion's face was turned gently towards him, his hands raised deprecatingly, and a smile that would have disarmed the fiercest wrath met his own angry glare.

Rivière was conquered; and, slowly crossing the cell, he picked up the straw plait, returned it to his fellow-prisoner, and then once more threw himself upon his pallet.

But not for long. Lithe and active, goaded by the recollection of his position, he again sprang from the bed, his breast heaving as if for air; and then, with a bound, he leaped up at the window, clasped the bars with his fingers, and by sheer muscular force drew himself up so as to gaze out at a dreary blank wall.

Then came the sound of a heavy pace outside, a few muttered words, an angry reply from the prisoner, a blow or two from the butt-end of a musket, and, with bruised and bleeding fingers, Rivière fell back into his cell, to stand shakingly impotently a throbbing hand at the blank wall, and hiss at the aggressor the one word "Dog!"

"How long will it take us to go quite mad?" he exclaimed, after once more striding up and down. "I am half mad now; but I mean quite, so as to be beyond the reach of thought and the recollection of the bygone."

There was no reply from the straw plaiter, and another interval of pacing up and down ensued, when Rivière paused before his patient companion.

"Look here, silent Pierre," he cried, and the young man's pale face was turned up towards him, though the busy fingers still twisted straw after straw into its appointed place—"look here. I thought to find rest with a comrade; but you only madden me. You know that I was not in the plot. I told you when I was brought in."

"Yes, I declared it at the trial."

"I have told you a hundred times, have I not, that I was standing in the crowd with my friend?"

"With your friend," assented Pierre.

"Yes, with Lemaire."

"With whom?" said the other.

"With my friend, Etienne Lemaire, chirurgien—have I not told you his name a hundred times?"

"No; you never mentioned it till now."

"Wait, and I will tell you. I was standing to see the King pass, when there was the explosion, and I was borne away in the crowd with the English miladi."

"But you were denounced, Rivière."

"Yes, I was denounced," said the other, bitterly, "by some Government spy."

"You were denounced by Etienne Lemaire."

"What?"

There was a minute's pause, during which Rivière glared at his companion.

"You were denounced by Etienne Lemaire."

"I said how long did it take to make men quite mad, Pierre," said Rivière, with a ghastly face, as he came nearer. "I know now: just as long as you have been in prison; for you are mad to declare such a thing. Do I not tell you that Lemaire was my friend?"

"He may have had some motive."

"Motive? How could he have? He was my friend, and I lent money—ample—thousands of francs. He lived often at my table. He attended my wife when she was ill."

"Your wife? She was very handsome, was she not?"

"Was?—she is! Un ange—and she is left to despair—to—Oh! mon Dieu."

Rivière groaned as if stricken by a sudden blow; the veins in his forehead swelled, his mouth twitched, and he glared at his companion as if he would have sprung at him. Then, by an effort, he recovered himself, saying with a grim smile—

"I am better now. It was a foolish thought—an inspiration from the tempter—evil promptings from the father of lies. But, tchut! Do not name my wife again. The name of this hideous cage contaminates her name."

He walked up and down again for a few minutes before pausing once more in front of the straw-plaiter, and taking hold of his work—

"Why do you do this?" he said.

"Why do I do it! Why have men carved the stones of these prison walls, written upon their linen with a fish-bone pen? For rest and forgetfulness. It is something to do—something to kill thought—something to achieve. Try it—yourself."

"Pish!" exclaimed Rivière, fretfully.

And again he paced the cell; but only to stop once more, and gaze in his companion's face as if he expected him to speak.

"It was bad for you—that workshop of yours," said Pierre. "They said at the trial it was full of deadly mechanism."

"Yes, yes—the fools, the idiots. Lathe, tools, chemicals—my amusements from a boy. They seized and destroyed them all, saying that each innocent machine—upon which I had lavished years of thought and toil—was a diabolical construction. But you, you—you were in the plot!"

"Yes," said Pierre, slowly, "I was in the plot. I was dragged into it. I could not help myself."

"And I suffer—she suffers. We are called upon to bear the punishment of your crimes. Friend—dog!"

"Help—help!" screamed the younger prisoner, faintly; but his voice sounded half stifled, for Rivière had seized him by the throat, and borne him back against the wall.

The struggle was but short, for the cries brought in the gaoler and a couple of sentries, one of whom sent Rivière staggering back with a heavy blow from the butt end of his musket; and the next minute they dragged him across the cell to his bed, threw him on it, and secured him there with straps.

"Don't hurt him," pleaded the younger man; "it was all my fault—I angered him. He will be still if you set him free. We are friends now, Rivière, are we not?"

The latter nodded sullenly; and after a few moments' consideration, the gaoler leant over him, and cast loose the straps, grumbling loudly the while, as he snatched and pulled at the buckles, causing the prisoner acute pain. Then, muttering threats of what he should report, he slowly left the cell with the sentries, and the prisoners were once more alone.

"Why did you not let them punish me?" hissed Rivière.

"Because you were only mad for the time, and I did not wish to be here alone," said Pierre. "Together, it is more bearable."

"Yes, I am a madman—a wild beast," exclaimed Rivière. "My thoughts seem to be all barbed points, and goad me into fury. You will forgive me, though, Pierre. You could not withhold your pardon if you knew all I suffered. Will you take my hand?"

He held it out, and it was taken frankly.

"Yes, yes, I forgive you," said Pierre; and then, with a sigh, he returned to his straw-plaiting, while Rivière resumed his hurried walk backward and forward.

After a while he paused once more before the straw-plaiter.

"Tell me," said he, "how many days since the trial?"

The young man drew from his pocket a small bag, out of which he took five round pieces of bone, and a number of short scraps of straw.

"I cannot recollect without these," he said, counting them over. "See, here are five bones, each stands for fifty; forty-five straws." Two hundred and ninety-five days.

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Rivière, dashing his hands to his forehead. "Two hundred and ninety-five days and nights of agony! But it cannot last—it cannot last."

"You must work," said Pierre. "It is the only rest."

Rivière seemed not to hear him; but paced the cell in the same restless, wolfish way till he stopped suddenly before his busy-fingered companion.

"Look here, look here!" he cried gesticulating fiercely. "I know what you think. You would have it that my friend had designs of his own—that he wished me away; but, pah! I laugh at all such folly. It is not true. I drive such thoughts away as you would so many scraps of your straw."

He sat down upon the edge of his bed, with a scornful laugh curling his lips, and remained there, buried in thought, until the last ruddy light of evening had faded from the cell—till the heavy, echoing sound of steps was heard in the stone passage. Then bolts were drawn with a heavy clang, and a gaoler, guarded by two soldiers, whose muskets gleamed in the light they carried, thrust in a black loaf of sour bread and some water. The door was then banged to and bolted, and after the echoing footsteps had died away, all was silent.

The food was taken by Pierre, who placed his straw-plaiting aside with a sigh, ere he broke the bread, and passed one-half of it across to Rivière, who heeded him not.

After awhile, Pierre took the great water jug, and raised it to his lips; but recollecting him-

self, he, with all a Frenchman's politeness, lowered the vessel without tasting the contents.

"Drink, mon ami," he said, passing it to Rivière; but the latter motioned him away, and muttering something about fatigue, threw himself back upon his pallet, and turned his face to the wall.

Pierre sat munching his bread slowly, with his face turned towards the shadowy corner where his fellow prisoner lay. He ate slowly, moistening his poor fare again and again with water from the jug—the light growing fainter and more faint. At times he softly shook his head and muttered a few words—then, too, he would sigh; but, none the less, he applied himself diligently to his repast, picking the crumbs delicately, pausing over choice scraps of crust—for it was his dinner, and, meagre as was the food, it was eaten with a relish to the last crumb.

Darkness at last, and then Pierre turned to his couch.

"Bonsoir, mon ami," he said.

There was no reply. Rivière seemed to be sleeping heavily, and soon the occasional tramp, tramp of the sentry outside was all that broke the stillness of the night.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE SWORD WEARS THE SCABBARD.

It must have been about midnight that Rivière rose from his couch. No sooner had Pierre's lightly drawn and regular breathing told that he slept, than his fellow-captive had softly raised himself, to sit with his head leaning against the stone wall. The big drops of sweat—begotten by the agony of his spirit—stood upon his forehead. His countenance was drawn and ghastly, and he drew his breath from time to time with a sharp, cutting sob.

It was his hour for going over the past, and he was reviewing once more the scene of the attempted assassination of the King, the dénouement, and the long tedious trial. But soon came other thoughts, such as made his eyes grow hot and seem to burn him; for to his old recollections was added the fruitage of the suggestion uttered by Pierre.

That was a bitter seed, and it had fallen in ground long prepared for its reception. It burst its envelope, shot forth, and grew hugely, as its recipient ran over in his mind the motives that might have moved his friend and wife.

Let him see! Why, yes, his friend's evidence must have been all false and villainous—that of his wife simple and truthful. For what had she said? To be sure—yes—that her husband was mechanical, spending many hours in his little atelier performing experiments.

Oh, damning evidence!—all serving to prove him guilty before those who sought for the makers of that infernal machine whose mission was to destroy the life of the King, and which had, in Rivière's presence, been hurled at the passing carriage.

And now it was midnight; and barefooted the prisoner paced his cell, maddened almost by the rush of thought. At times he paused, feeling ready to dash his head against the cruel walls which closed him in; and a bitter smile crossed his lip as he thought of their impotence if he liked to set himself free.

Then he started, for a hand was laid upon his arm.

"Of what are you thinking?"

"Of death!"

Question and answer seemed to fall heavily upon the ears of the speakers, and Pierre shivered as he held fast by his companion's arm.

"It will come but too soon," he said at length. "Let us wait, and first see those we love."

He led Rivière towards the straw bed; and then, seeing him throw himself wearily upon it, he stood gazing at the indistinct form.

"You would not be so mad," he said.

But there was no response; and after a time he turned, cold and shuddering, to his own couch.

"I will watch him," he said to himself; and he supported himself upon his arm, gazing intently in the direction of his fellow-prisoner's bed, and trying to pierce the darkness. Now he almost succeeded in defining the figure upon the straw pallet; but soon it seemed to fade away gradually into obscurity, and then again to loom up large and ominous.

Suppose he should attempt his life! How horrible to be present, shut up there till morning! Tchut! it was absurd. Over-excitement and—and—no, not morning yet. He would watch, through—and—

Pierre was sleeping soundly, in spite of dread and trouble; and Rivière was again seated upon his bed's edge, sleepless, and wandering in a maze of doubt, chasing two phantoms—those of his fair young wife, and the friend so trusted and aided by his purse.

Doubt? He had not had a single suspicion till now. But now! caged here, and Marie exposed to the machinations of a villain—it was horrible! But was she innocent?

A thousand simple acts now grew distorted, and clothed in a garb of suspicion. Wild thoughts assailed his brain, and clenching his hands, and glaring with bloodshot eyes into the darkness, he sat panting, gasping for breath.

He threw himself upon the pallet and closed his eyes, but no sleep came. Thoughts still pressed upon him in a confused crowd. But towards morning came a fitful slumber, during which wild dreams chased one another through his brain. He was free. His wife was smiling upon him, and he was pressing forward to clasp her to his breast; when Lemaire dashed him to the



ground, pressed his heel upon him, and forced him down—down—lower and lower—into his cell, where he held him, till, by a mighty effort, he threw him off, and then seized him by the throat with a cry of rage.

"The matter? No—nothing. I was dreaming."

Rivière was sitting up, every nerve throbbing with excitement as he spoke, and his hand stole to his face, to find it streaming with perspiration.

"It is nothing. Go to sleep. It is hot and insufferable. I can hardly breathe."

Pierre, who had been awakened by his companion's cry, lay down once more, trying to watch, but ever baffled by the obscurity. He could make out the grated window—just faintly seen—but now that was all. He would not sleep, though, again—of that he was determined; and in the morning he would tell their gaoler to watch, for Rivière was not to be trusted. Should he ask to be separated from him? No. That would be worse. But suppose anything should happen? How dreadful! Here, though, was the sword wearing out its scabbard; and, unless a change came, it was within the bounds of probability that they would be separated by the cold, grim hand of which he—young and hopeful still—could not think without a shudder.

Rivière was now quiet—sleeping, evidently. Poor fellow, how he suffered! And it was evident that by the words spoken to-day a fresh wound had been opened.

The dawn at last. There was his fellow-prisoner's figure, just a little less indistinct, and Pierre gave a sigh of relief, for the day seemed to come with a watchful eye to ward off peril; and, worn out with his disturbed night, the young man dropped off fast asleep once more.

He must have slept for hours, for there was that light in the cell which showed that the sun was shining somewhere, when he awoke with a start of horror, to leap from his bed, and seize Rivière by the arm.

Another minute and he would have been too late.

To be continued.

### THREE ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

Years ago, when I was quite a lad, I chanced to be weather-bound in the company of some persons eminent in literature at a certain inn in the Lake Country; and, in order to pass the time, it was proposed that each should write down the incident in fiction which had pleased or interested him the most. It so happened that I, for my part, set down a scene in *Ivanhoe*, which was also selected by one of my companions, a veteran novelist, and very great satisfaction it afforded me to find my fancy in the same groove with so great a man. But now I know that there was nothing surprising in the coincidence. What seizes our imagination in youth, retains its hold as long as there is aught to hold by: when the books of the Sibyl became fewer and fewer, they were sold at the same price; but as our recollection of the past fades and fades, what we do remember grows dearer and dearer to us—just as when death, through age, makes havoc among our friends, we cling more closely to the survivors.

Unless in the very exceptional case of a man's being suddenly struck with the truth of some new religion, there are for the mature mind no surprises. The sublimest Cluquot can never touch our educated palate with such rapture as was afforded to it in boyhood by the first draught of ordinary champagne; and if, as in the case of fiction, it was Cluquot with which we were favored at that early period, how is it possible that any after-draught can compare with it? The capacity of the palate for pleasure, however, is said to be lasting; how much more, therefore, in the case of the pleasures of the imagination, which are so fleeting, is that first taste the most delicious, and likely to endure in the memory. The first draught of iced champagne, the first kiss of Love, the first appearance in print—what after-pleasures of the same sort can vie with these? (The first cigar, indeed, is generally not so agreeable as some later ones, but this is the exception which proves the rule.) Who can ever forget his first perusal of *Robinson Crusoe*? especially if he got punished for it, as I did, for enjoying that admirable narrative during school-time, in the hour set apart for the study of Cæsar. I had no particular objection to Cæsar; on the contrary, I rather liked him, as a classic, because he was comparatively easy. But a boy who can give up *Robinson Crusoe* to read about the Gallic War, without a moral struggle, is not a boy—he is the head of a college in embryo. That lonely island, that charmingly snug cavern, that summer residence (to which I thought him so imprudent to venture)—how they still live in our memory, though we may have since seen half the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them! How infinitely greater is the magic of genius than the dull force of facts!

And yet facts, or what one takes for facts, have themselves considerable power over the imagination. Baron Trenck (a near relation of Baron Munchausen, I'm afraid, by the bye) is always a hero with boys; so are Edward the Black Prince and Richard the Lion-hearted; so are Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard. They have begun to "find out" Charles I., but he has still his devotees, and has not lost a female admirer yet; the young Pretender (thanks to fiction, however, rather than fact) is also a great favorite. Queen Bess has lost ground in the affec-

tions of youth, which is the case, too, with her rival, Queen Mary. These great people had all more or less of interest for me; but it was in the by-ways of history and biography that I found my favorites. The violet of one's own finding is said to be sweeter than a whole bunch of the same flowers which is held up by another for our gratification, with a "Do smell them; are they not sweet?" And so it is with all other pleasures that we discover for ourselves.

Three Romances of Real Life, in particular, culled from its by-ways, have always taken firmer hold upon my imagination than much more famous incidents in the high-road of history. I will call the first A King for an hour, though in reality the period of sovereignty enjoyed by the hero was not so protracted. If you look in the *Gazetteer* for 1754, you will find a short account of this short reign. But how are you to get this *Gazetteer*? It is not to be found at the club, for I have ransacked the library there in vain for it; and what is not to be found at the Club is (at my age) not worth looking for elsewhere. I would give something to see the narrative in print, which once so forcibly struck my fancy that the impress still exists there, after the lapse of forty years. Has anybody got such a thing as a *Gazetteer* for 1754? In the meantime, and pending the loan of it, let me try and recollect the facts.

On the 11th of December, 1754, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Dey of Algiers was distributing pay to his soldiers in the court-yard of his palace. The Grand Treasurer was with him, besides his secretaries and the usual divan; and the number of soldiers was about three hundred. It was understood that these were all unarmed, as it was their custom to be on such occasions (though there was no suspicion of any disaffection among them); and when one of them, after receiving his pay, and kissing the Dey's hand, suddenly drew a dagger, it produced a great sensation in the court. When, instead of repenting him of this indiscretion, and putting it back again in his girdle, he proceeded to sheathe it in the Dey's breast, and then to shoot him with a pistol, the excitement—and especially the Dey's excitement redoubled. Yet, curiously enough, nobody stirred, except himself. He rose, and "walked a few yards"—I well recollect the bald description of the writer in that *Gazetteer*—"calling out to his attendants; 'Among so many of you, can you not destroy such a villain as this?' and then dropped." If his Highness could not do more, it is scarcely imaginable to conceive how he could have done much less; but his assassin was as prompt in action as the other was slow; he no sooner had his victim on the ground, than he snatched off the Dey's turban, clapped it on his own head, and seated himself on the throne, with his arms a-kimbo. In the meantime, a friend of this audacious character had lodged a pistol-ball in the High Treasurer's collar-bone, given him two sabre-cuts over the head, and cut his right hand off; while four more conspirators—for they were only six in all—were "hard at work with their pistols and sabres" among the company generally. In a recent American description of a free fight, we read that "crowbars and other sedatives" were promptly used; and the pistols and sabres seem in this case also to have had a narcotic influence, for the company actually listened with patience, during all these anarchical proceedings, to a speech from the throne, a sort of programme issued by the new Dey, respecting the system of government that would be pursued in future (for the man on the throne had an idea that the virtue of sovereignty lies in what it sits on, and really imagined that he was firmly seated in that supreme power which he had himself shown to be so precarious even in a legitimate possessor of it). He told them that he was henceforth about to govern the country on good principles, and especially that he would declare war against a good many people who fancied that no such danger was hanging over their heads. "The country is at peace," said he, "with a good deal too many;" and he especially bade them to take notice that he was a sovereign "who would do justice to all," at which observation he brandished his sword about his head in what was, doubtless, felt to be a significant manner.

Then he ordered the drums to beat, and the cannon to be fired, to give notice to the city of a changed dynasty. While this was being done, one of the chausseurs, or messengers of the palace, took heart of grace, and suddenly snatched up a carbine, shot the usurper dead; at which action everybody seemed to recover from their stupor, and the work of cutting his five accomplices to pieces, after the Eastern manner, at once commenced. Even Ali Bashaw, the new Dey, acknowledged that if this audacious rebel had kept his seat but a few minutes longer, and until the cannon were fired, the government would have been subverted. Never was treason on such a humble scale so near success. These six men were the sole conspirators; but the inaction of the surrounding soldiery (to whom they themselves belonged) is explained by their ignorance of the extent of the plot, and their fear of being supposed to be mixed up in it. As it was, the chief rebel was the shortest Dey on record—a king for a quarter of an hour.

The second historical event which took my youthful fancy was one which, through the medium of fiction, has been made of late years more familiar to the general public than it was in my time; but still there will be many who are unacquainted with it. To Louisiana, in the beginning of the last century, came an old German emigrant, with his only daughter, and settled there. She was young, and very beautiful, and attracted much attention, especially that of

one Dauband, an officer of the colony, who so ingratiated himself with her father that, after a time, they kept house together. This officer had been in Russia; and what first struck him, upon seeing the young lady, was the very remarkable resemblance which she bore to the late wife of the Czarowitz Alexis, son of Peter the Great. The history of this princess had been a very sad one. Though a high-born lady, and sister-in-law to the Emperor Charles VI., she had been treated by her husband with as much brutality as though she had been his slave. He had attempted on more than one occasion to make away with her by poison; and at last he had struck her with such violence, when far gone with child, that he had caused the death both of herself and her infant. All the courts of Europe had gone into mourning for her, and everybody but her husband had pitied her unhappy fate. After a great lapse of time, the Czarowitz himself died; and to Dauband's watchful eyes it seemed that the intelligence of that prince's decease was received by his fair fellow-lodger with such suspicious interest and excitement, that he taxed her with being in truth that exalted but unhappy lady, whom all the world held to be dead and buried. If such were the case, he declared himself devoted to her service, and prepared to at once sacrifice his prospects in the colony, in order to escort her to Russia.

Then Charlotte Christina Sophia de Woolfenbützel (for such had been her maiden name) narrated her pitiful story. She was indeed the personage he had imagined her to be, and had made use of pious fraud to escape from the cruelties of her late husband. The blow that had been given to her had almost caused her death (as it undoubtedly did that of the heir of all the Russias, whom she carried within her), but she had in truth recovered from it. By help of the Countess Konigsmark, mother of Marshal Saxe, she gained over the women of her bed-chamber, so that it was given out she was no more, and a funeral was arranged accordingly. Then, being conveyed to a secret place, she was carefully tended, and, when strong enough, removed, in the guise of a servant-girl, to Paris, under the guardianship of a trusty German servant, who passed as her father; and finally from France to Louisiana. Having heard her story, Dauband renewed his devoted offer to furnish the means of her return to that sphere from which she had fled under such pitiable circumstances; but the young widow thanked him, and said that the only service she required of him was, that he should maintain an absolute secrecy regarding her past, and conduct himself towards her exactly as he had hitherto done for the future. He endeavored to obey her in both respects, but his affection for her was stronger than his loyalty; he was young and handsome, as well as impressionable; and perhaps the experience, on her part, was not sorry when, her pretended father dying, and it becoming no longer possible for Dauband and herself to be under the same roof without reproach, he offered himself to her as a husband. If she had really renounced all thoughts of resuming her rank, he argued, why should she not wed an honest man who loved her? Though not a queen, in him she should ever have a devoted subject. She consented; and in so doing afforded one of the strangest examples of vicissitude of fortune that history has recorded—the marriage with a humble officer of infantry of one who had been destined for the throne of Russia, and whose sister was actually occupying that of Austria. The marriage was a happy one, and bore fruit in an only daughter. After ten years, Dauband, being troubled with some disorder which the practitioners in Louisiana could not cure, removed with his wife and child to Paris, to get the best medical advice, and, on his recovery, solicited and obtained from government an appointment in the Isle of Bourbon. While in Paris, the wife and daughter went to walk in the Tuileries, and, conversing in German, were overheard by Marshal Saxe, who stopped to consider them. Madame Dauband's embarrassment confirmed his suspicions, and his recognition of her was complete. She drew him aside, and persuaded him to promise secrecy. He called on her, however, the next day, and often afterwards; and when she had departed for Bourbon, informed the king's master of what he had discovered. Orders were sent off to the Island that the greatest respect should be paid to her; and the king of Hungary was also made acquainted with the position of his aunt. He sent her a letter inviting her to his court, but on the condition that she should quit her husband, which she refused to do. In 1747, Dauband died, having been preceded to the grave by his daughter; and the widow came to France, with the intention of taking up her residence in a convent; in place of doing so, however, she lived in great retirement at Vitri, about a league from Paris, where she died in 1772. What strange experiences must that old lady have had to tell, if it had pleased her to do so; and how she would have astonished any quiet tea-party by commencing an anecdote with, "When my father-in-law Peter the Great," or, "When my husband the Czarowitz of Russia!"

The third romance of real life that I have in my mind is not connected with such high-placed folks as deys and czars, but only concerns itself with a simple count. Moreover it is denied by some good papists, who say that the Holy Father was incapable of the generous (and indeed exceedingly liberal) action imputed to him in the matter. However that may be, there is at Erfurt, in Thuringia, a monument in stone by which the event in question is recorded. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, a certain Count Gleichen was taken in a fight against the

Infidel, and carried by the Turks into slavery, where he suffered many hardships for years. In this unhappy condition, the daughter of his master—as in the better known case of Lord Bateman—fell in love with him, and promised to effect his release, if he would pass his word to marry her. Unlike his lordship, the count was not a bachelor, and honorably confessed at once that the arrangement, however attractive, was impossible, because he had a wife and children at home. "That is no argument," replied the young lady gravely; "the custom of our country allows a man several wives." The count, therefore, who probably thought he had done all that was expected of him in the way of conscientious explanation, then passed his word to make her his wife; and Gelnare (if that was the lady's name) exerted herself to such good purpose that she procured his escape, and sailed away with him to Venice. At that place, he found one of the messengers who had been dispatched in search of him in all directions, who informed him that his wife was well, though inconsolable for his absence. He was a loving husband, and had wished no harm to his lady; but, as the case stood, he was placed in a pitiable dilemma. Fortunately, Rome was handy, and off he went, and threw himself at the feet of the pope, who was at that time held even more infallible by the religious public than he is now. "After he had ingeniously narrated," says Bayle's Dictionary (the translator of which should surely have written "ingeniously"), "what he had done, the pope granted him a solemn dispensation to keep both his wives;" thus saving him from the guilt of bigamy, and of breaking his word, and making him as comfortable as the thought of what No. 1 at home would say of it all, permitted him to be. The most curious part of the whole story, however, is, that No. 1 received No. 2 with the most affectionate welcome; and No. 2 on her part, "answered very handsomely her civilities." She herself proved barren; "but she loved tenderly the children which the other wife bore in abundance." There are no such wives now-a-days as No. 1, is the observation that will be made by most husbands upon contemplating the Erfurt monument. No. 2, as having been a princess, or something equivalent to it, in her own country, wears a marble crown; but it is certainly to the other who is most worthy of a mark of honor. Imagine the horror of Mrs. Jones in British Thuringia, if Captain and Adjutant Jones should procure her release from captivity in Abyssinia (let us say) by similar means! Would she feel grateful to the copper-colored nymph, "to whose good offices she was indebted for the return of her dear husband," and even "entertain for her a particular kindness"? I fear not. The adventure of Count Gleichen is not only remarkable in itself, but without a parallel in the good-fortune of its (domestic) issue.

### A NATIONAL SONG FOR CANADA.

When our territorial extent is so magnificent, our material enterprise so great, and our ambitious hopes for Canada's future are so unlimited, it is time that we had some simple patriotic lyric to identify with our progress and aspirations. In the new and improved edition of the song, "This Canada of Ours," we think that at last this want is supplied. The words are by Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., and the music is adapted and arranged by Miss E. H. Riddout, based upon the beautiful air of the famous Netherlands Students' Song. The words carried off the prize offered in Montreal, in 1868, for the best Canadian National Song, and possesses both the vigor and simplicity that are essential to permanent popularity. The air, too, is inspiring and simple, and in the chorus swells into a strain of heart-stirring music. We cannot afford to-day in Canada to overlook anything that will tend to teach us lessons of patriotism or higher ambition for our young country. Messrs. Nordheimer publish the song, and we print the words to justify our criticism:

"Let other tongues, in older lands,  
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,  
And chant in triumph of the past,  
Content to live in story;  
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,  
Nor ivy-crested towers,  
What past can match thy glorious youth,  
Fair Canada of Ours?  
Fair Canada, Dear Canada,  
This Canada of Ours!  
"We love those far-off Ocean Isles,  
Where Britain's monarch reigns,  
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood  
That courses through our veins;  
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,  
And haughty Albion's powers  
Reflect their matchless lustre on  
This Canada of Ours.  
Fair Canada, Dear Canada,  
This Canada of Ours!  
"May our Dominion flourish then,  
A goodly land and free,  
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,  
Hold sway from Sea to Sea;  
Strong arms shall guard our cherished home,  
When darkest danger lowers,  
And with our life-blood we'll defend  
This Canada of Ours!  
Fair Canada, Dear Canada,  
This Canada of Ours!"

—Hartford Express.



## THE HUSBAND.

BY A FEMALE CYNIC.

What is a husband? Ah, my friends,  
He is excellent in theory,  
But once a maiden fairly weds,  
She soon—like me—feels weary.

He tells you in the wooing days  
You are sweet and fair and pretty,  
Your words are wise as Bacon's own,  
And all your jokes are witty.

But, when a Husband, all his talk  
Is "the dreadful price of mutton;"  
And the "carelessness of woman-kind,"  
If his wrists hands want a button.

A Husband is a man who eats  
And drinks enough for twenty,  
Yet grumbles at the butcher's bills  
Because "cash is not plenty."

What is a Husband? One who needs  
Self-denial in full measure;  
He gives his wretched wife the toil,  
While he takes all the pleasure.

What is a Husband? One who bids  
Us write all teasing letters,  
And uses naughty words if we  
Lament our marriage fetters.

A Husband is a thing to be  
Avoided, shunned, and dreaded,  
As those who deem my words untrue  
Will surely find when wedded.

Without these Husbands we should be—  
And I say it not in vanity—  
Able to rise superior to  
The evils of humanity.

Ah, maidens, shun the marriage state,  
'Tis one of care and trouble;  
Its joys are transient, sad its mirth,  
And its happiness a bubble!

## AMAZING PERFORMANCE OF FRENCH DOGS.

The surprising intelligence of a pair of dogs, owned by a M. Rouil, is related in "Our Dumb Animals": A large table was placed in the centre of the room, and on it were laid some cards on which the letters of the alphabet were printed in large capitals. M. Rouil then told Blanche to spell *fromage* (cheese). She immediately picked out an F, an R, and an O, and then seemed to hesitate. "You only give us three letters; there are seven," said M. Rouil. Blanche then found M, A, G, E, and the word was complete.

She then performed the remarkable feat of correcting a mistake in orthography. Mr. Hamerton wrote the word *meson* on the slate instead of *maison* (house), and, on being asked where the error was, Blanche pointed to the letter "e," and then picked out an "a" and an "i."

In spite of her success, the animal seemed to accomplish her work with considerable effort, and made sounds of complaint. The authority of her master, although exercised with great gentleness, seemed irresistible as that of a magnetizer over his subject. Perceiving this, Mr. Hamerton suggested giving her a rest; and she was allowed to retire to a corner and enjoy some bonbons, while Lyda took her place on the table. Some numbers were now substituted for the letters of the alphabet. Several problems were written on the slate, which Lyda apparently solved without difficulty.

Her master then proposed trying a little mental arithmetic, and said, "Lyda, if you had ten pieces of sugar, and met ten Prussian dogs, how many pieces would you, a French dog, give to each Prussian?" Lyda replied to this question by pointing out the zero with great energy. "And how," said the master, "if you were to share with me?" Lyda took the figure 5 and gave it to him. M. Rouil then went out for a moment, while Mr. Hamerton asked the dog for several numbers successively, which she brought without the slightest hesitation.

Blanche then came forward, and a pack of playing cards was spread on the table, M. Rouil holding another pack in his hand, and asking the company to choose a card from it. Without making any mistake, Blanche immediately brought the corresponding card from the pack on the table.

She then played a game of cards with a young lady, and was beaten, after which she took refuge in a corner, with an air of deep humiliation.

The most surprising feat of all came next. A pack of cards was spread on the floor in the next room, and the door nearly closed. M. Rouil told one of the guests to ask the dog, in a whisper, to fetch any card he chose to name. The ace of spades was called for. Blanche went in search of it, and immediately returned with the right card in her mouth.

Mr. Hamerton himself then examined the dog again in her little acquirements, and she translated the word *chien* (dog) into English, and spelt the word *feu* (fire) without difficulty; but at this point M. Rouil interposed, and said gently, "That is very well for the singular, now give us the plural." Wonderful as it seems, Blanche at once picked out the letter X, and gave it to Mr. Hamerton.

This account is almost incredible, but the facts are vouched for by Mr. Hamerton, who, how-

ever, offers no satisfactory explanation of them. "If the dogs had been less clever," he says, "we might have believed in their actual knowledge; but they really knew too much. Being convinced that there was some communication between them and their master, I had invited several very intelligent friends to be present, telling them that my object was to discover the system of M. Rouil, and asking their assistance. They watched as closely as I did, but could discover nothing." During many of the performances M. Rouil stood before the fire-place at some distance from the dogs, and made no motion with either feet or hands, nor did he advance or retreat a single step. There could, therefore, be no communication through the motions of his body. The dogs performed equally well when their backs were turned to their master, which forbids the supposition that they were guided by his eye. And the tones of his voice, though encouraging and exciting, as if he were speaking to a child, revealed nothing that could be interpreted as a method of communication. The only supposition left was that the dogs might be guided by the sense of smell; but, as M. Rouil stood at some distance from the table, and could not have known beforehand what words would be called for, it was impossible that he should have touched the cards in any way to guide the dogs by the scent. The whole performance seems inexplicable.

## FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE.

The local humorist of the *Peoria Review* records a social occurrence in these terms: Tweezer was on the bluff, last evening, calling on a lady friend, and they were out on the porch, discussing the works of the great authors, when the young lady's pet white rabbit, which had escaped from its cage, came rushing around the house with a big yellow dog after it. The young lady screamed, and Tweezer threw a rocking chair at the dog, frightening him away, but knocking over eight flower-pots, and telescoping the chair. Then the young lady implored Tweezer to catch the rabbit and save it from the horrid dog. And Tweezer commenced to catch the rabbit. He employed stratagem at first, following it around to the back of the house, and whistling gently, in true hunter's style, to arrest its attention, and cause it to stop. Then he made a grab for it when it paused to reflect under the gooseberry bushes. Tweezer grabbed not wisely but too well, for the rabbit took advantage of his plunging and snatching around among the bushes to scurry over into a neighboring yard. Tweezer didn't like that much, and he took occasion to say something derogatory to the character of the rabbit as he extricated himself from the thicket. But, seeing the young lady near, he smiled a dim sort of a smile, and got off a dismal sort of a joke about forty thorns in the hand being worth a rabbit in the bush. Then he girded up his loins and resumed the catching of the rabbit. He had left his hat among the fruitful shrubs, and as he vaulted over the fence, a portion of his coat-tail remained on a protruding nail. But Tweezer meant business. And so did the rabbit. They coursed across the yard, then out in the street, then down two blocks, then into a potatoe field, then into another yard, and here another man came out and asked Tweezer what in all sixty-six he was trying to do. Tweezer asked him if he didn't have sense enough to see for himself. And the man smiled a sad and pitying smile. Ere this interview took place it might be stated that the rabbit had gone under the cow stable. Tweezer crawled under and chased it out. Anybody might know that by the look of his white duck clothes. When he came out the chase began anew. The rabbit was fair, and waited for him just on the other side of a picket fence. This time the pursuit was down the middle of the street, and spectators looked on and clapped their hands with enthusiasm. Tweezer's blood was up, and he resolved to catch the rabbit or die in the attempt. So it appeared until a dog darted out and caught the rabbit. When Tweezer came up and received the prey from the jaws of its captor, he found, to his inexpressible sorrow, that the poor little animal had not been killed. So he bore it back and restored it, unharmed, to the loving arms which awaited it at home, and in the midst of the caresses which were lavished on the return of the beautiful pet, poor Tweezer was forgotten.

## HINTS TO FARMERS.

THE ink for writing on zinc labels for gardeners' use is easily made, cheap, and quite indelible. Take half an ounce of verdigris, half an ounce of sal-ammoniac powder, and a quarter of an ounce of lampblack; pound them up very fine in a mortar, and then mix with five ounces of water. Write with a quill pen.

PEAT ASHES AS A FERTILISER.—M. Lebeuf, a large cultivator of asparagus and strawberries, of Argenteuil, France has recently obtained some advantageous results from peat ashes used as a fertiliser. He filled three pots with the substance, without any other admixture, and planted in one oats, in another wheat, and in the third strawberry plants. Leaving them through the winter without attention, germination took place, the wheat and oats sprouted, and bore large and heavy grains, the stalks attaining, for the wheat, a height of 4.5 feet, and for the oats, 3.6. The strawberries were unusually vigorous. M. Lebeuf has repeated the experiments several times with uniform success.

RIPENING PEARS.—Josiah Hoopes furnishes

some excellent directions on picking and ripening pears. After alluding to the common test of ripeness for picking, namely, gently raising the fruit to see if it will readily detach itself at the stem, he directs that the specimens be placed thinly and evenly on the floor of a cool room, on a blanket previously spread, and then covered with a second blanket. He says: "In a short time the effect of the treatment will be apparent in the most golden-colored Bartlett's and rich, ruddy-looking Seckels imaginable. Pears perfect in this manner rarely have the meanness of their naturally ripened companions, nor do they prematurely decay at the core as when left on the tree."

MILK CELLARS.—At this time of the year we have our hottest weather. Every dairyman understands the value of good milk cellars; and the cellar may be ever so well constructed, ever so nice and cool, and will not be fit to receive milk unless entirely free from all effluvia arising from decaying vegetables, including barrels, boxes &c. There should be a perfect renovation, and with this several good coats of whitewash. No disinfectant is better calculated to sweeten a cellar than lime. Use it freely overhead and on the sides, and sprinkle over the bottom of your cellar, and then see that the ventilation is good, and that there are no foul smells on the outside of the building.—If you desire to make good, sweet butter, and the most contained in your milk, these hints should be followed.

PREVENTION OF ROTTING IN FINE FRUIT.—It very often happens that fine fruit, especially pears and apples, is attacked by birds and insects so as to make a wound, which, if left to itself, will cause the fruit to rot. It has been found that by cleaning out the place affected, and removing all the dirt and disorganized and bruised matter, and filling up the cavity with plaster of Paris, further decay may be arrested, and the fruit become fully ripe. A little space may be worked out from under the edges of the skin, so that when the plaster is pressed inward it will keep its place. The exclusion of the air, consequent upon this application, is all that is necessary to prevent the progress of decay. This would, of course, be inexpedient in many cases, but when large and valuable apples and pears are involved, the trouble will be but trifling in comparison with the result accomplished.

## FAMILY MATTERS.

BOILED EGG PLANT.—Cut the eggs directly in half and boil as you would squash until perfectly soft and tender; then scrape from the inside of the skins, season with salt, butter, etc., and strew sifted bread crumbs all over them. Set the dish into the oven to brown for ten minutes.

KEEPING BUTTER IN SUMMER.—A simple mode of keeping butter in summer where ice is not handy, is to invert a common flower-pot over the butter, with some water in the dish in which it is laid.—The orifice at the bottom may be corked or not. The porousness of the earthenware will keep the butter cool.

TOMATO SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—Take one dozen good sized, very ripe tomatoes, skin and chop fine; put into a soup kettle, boil for ten or fifteen minutes, add a bit of saleratus as large as a pea, stir till it stops foaming; turn in one pint of fresh, sweet milk and three Boston crackers rolled fine; season with salt and pepper and a good piece of butter; boil for fifteen minutes. This soup can be made upon short notice, and is really a toothsome dish, somewhat resembling lobster soup.

PLATE POWDER.—Crumble four balls of good whiting, twopennyworth each of spirits of wine and camphor, spirits of hartshorn, and spirits of turpentine; mix all the ingredients together, and the whole is fit for use. Some quicksilver and a little turpentine should be first beaten up with a skewer in a large cup till as thick as salve; and after it, when thus made, let it dry, a little of it being wetted with water when used. The mixture should be rubbed on the plate with soft leather, which must be carefully kept, as it gets the better for use.

COOKING SWEET CORN.—That sweet corn may retain all its rich flavor and sweetness it should be cooked in the following way:—Loosen the husks at the small end of the ear, and remove all the silk that can be conveniently got at. Then replace the husks, tying them with a string; put the ears into water that is boiling, being careful not to put so many into the kettle at a time as to essentially reduce the temperature of the water. It is a good thing to place a little white sugar on the corn when the husks are loosened.

BREAST OF MUTTON AND GREEN PEAS.—Select a breast of mutton, not too fat, cut it into small square pieces, dredge it with flour, and fry it a fine brown in butter; then add a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste, and a shallot or onion cut into thin slices; just cover the whole with water, and set it over a slow fire to stew until the meat is perfectly tender. Take out all the meat, skim off all the fat from the gravy, strain it over the meat into the stewpan, and make the whole very hot. Just before serving add a quart of young green peas, previously boiled, or add them with the strained gravy, and let the whole boil gently until the peas are done. Time, two hours and a half.

EXPELLING FLIES FROM ROOMS.—It is stated that if two and a half pounds of powdered laurel leaves are macerated or boiled into two gallons of water, until their poisonous quality is extracted, and with the solution a whitewash is made, by adding as much quick-lime as can be slacked in it, and if a house be whitewashed with this preparation, flies will not settle on the walls for

six months. It is also asserted that if paste, made by stirring together one pint of the powdered laurel leaves with a quarter of a pint of glycerine be applied to the windows and door casings, a room so prepared will soon be emptied of flies. Two applications of this paste are said to be enough to keep even a kitchen clear of insects for a fortnight. There is nothing disagreeable or deleterious to human beings in the odor of the wash or paste, though the laurel leaves, or actual water, taken into the stomach, acts as a violent poison.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

BEING shown some very fat cattle at the Home Farms at Windsor, and understanding that they had been fed upon oil-cake, the Shah grew quite animated, and said to his interpreter, "Ask if oil-cake is good for wives."

PETER HINTZ, cigar manufacturer in Hamburg, has done a sweet thing in tobacco, and presented it to Emperor William, viz., a model of the Summer Palace of Babelsberg, near Potsdam, made entirely of tobacco, eight feet long and broad, and five feet high. But William Emperor abhors tobacco.

A VIENNA patent safe-maker bade defiance to all other safe-makers to open his safe, and got the honor of the presence of the Emperor during a trial. The safe proprietor smiled sarcastically at the futile efforts of his rivals, and then exclaiming—"But, after all, my friends, it is a simple matter," proceeded to show how it was to be done, and found he could not open the safe himself.

A GAME recently invented in the French army by Colonel Lerval, consists of a map of the terrain on which it is intended to manoeuvre. Small parallelograms of pasteboard, weighted with a little piece of lead, represent the troops. Some represent battalions, others platoons, batteries, and squadrons. Plain pins represent sharpshooters; pins with black heads, cavalry troops; pins with flags, brigade or division staff. Wooden parallelipeds designate train wagons, and with a red cross the ambulances. This simple apparatus enables the officer to proceed from the simple to the combined formation; to learn the import of this or that movement, or how to value a combination of movements, and become well informed on the dangerous fire-zones and condition of the country.

WRITING from Lancaster County, England, on the Irish Sea, a correspondent of the *Liverpool Courier* gives some fresh information as to the folk lore of the West of England. He says: "Fortunate or unfortunate persons are to be discerned by certain marks about their persons. One well-known mark is when the teeth are set wide apart. It denotes a fortunate individual. When I was joking a young lady of my acquaintance about her front teeth being unsightly, because they had wide spaces between them, I was quickly told that she was by her friends accounted lucky because of this, and whoever secured her as a wife would be fortunate or lucky, and everything would prosper with him. A man, on the contrary, with meeting eyebrows is thought to be lucky, and cattle purchased from such an individual will be prosperous."

A SOMEWHAT quaint story is told in the *Church Herald*, published in London, of a Baptist grocer who called upon Monsignor Capel to complain that his daughter, having surreptitiously attended a service at the pro-Cathedral, had renounced her belief. Monsignor Capel listened with demure urbanity, and ended by inquiring in what way he could assist his visitor. "Well, the fact is," exclaimed the grocer, "my daughter used to help me in the shop, and I want to know whether she will be obliged to inform her confessor, who has long been a customer of mine, of the little tricks we are sometimes obliged to use in our trade!" The Monsignor replied that, if the Baptist's daughter were a good girl, she would be bound to disclose all that lay on her conscience. "Ah, well, if that's the case," cried the grocer, "I'll just join your church too; for I should like to give him my own account of the matter."

CERTAIN newspaper subscribers in Oakland, Cal., have suffered for more than a month past from the mysterious disappearance of their morning journals, and the raids became so regular, general, and successful that positive action in the matter became a necessity. A meeting of the residents of the locality was held, and it was agreed to employ a watchman to arrest the thief. Day after day passed, the papers still disappeared, and the thief remained undiscovered. The watchman claimed that the carrier failed to leave his papers at the subscribers. The movements of the carrier were then closely shadowed, but this only resulted in proving that the papers were delivered regularly. The idea of being thwarted in the attempt to capture the author of the mischief, added to the fury of the subscribers. They finally decided to watch and wait themselves, and it was accordingly agreed that a guard, armed with a Remington rifle, should be appointed for duty each morning. After many tedious hours of investigation and anxiety, early on Thursday morning a King Charles spaniel was observed to walk up cautiously and remove one of the cherished papers. This action was repeated systematically, house by house, several times before the guards followed their victim to his place of refuge. Near the foot of Washington street, behind a large pile of rubbish, was found the receptacle sought for. It was here that the dog was seen to plant his journals. The earth around the pile was subsequently turned up, and revealed fully one hundred of the stolen papers. Profound aston-



ishment prevailed. Toby, afterward ascertained to be the dog's name, was seized, and his days were numbered. Since his capture, papers have been received regularly, and peace and contentment reign in the neighborhood.

### SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

AN electrical apparatus, to be placed in the holds of ships, for the purpose of giving warning in case of leakage, has been devised by M. Sartais. On the entrance of the water a current is established, and a communication is thus set in operation, which gives notice to the officers on deck.

THE continuous strikes and dearness of labor have led, in the mines of Blanz, France, to the adoption of a self-acting coal-boring machine, which excavates the same quantity as twenty men. The inventor is, we believe, Mr. Robert Winstanley, the younger, who patented his invention two or three years ago. The machine is reported to work admirably.

MESSRS. J. H. and J. Reynolds, of Brixton, have patented an invention in England, for which they are obtaining a patent also in the United States of America, to secure safe railway travelling at a hundred miles an hour. This invention is an addition to engines, carriages, and permanent way, to enable trains to reach their termini in from two thirds to one-half of the time usually occupied.

AT a recent meeting of the Frankfort Polytechnic Association, Professor Battger exhibited a novel kind of ink, which is admirably adapted to take on journeys and exploring expeditions. White blotting paper is saturated with anilin black, and several sheets are pasted to form a thin pad. When wanted for use, a small piece is torn off and covered with a little water. The black liquid which dissolves out is a good writing ink. A square inch of the paper will give enough ink to last for considerable writing, and a few pads would be all that an exploring party need carry with them. As water is always available, the ink is readily made.

SUGAR A TEST FOR POTABLE WATER.—From an article on "The Discrimination of Good Water and Wholesome Food," in the *Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions*, we find the following simple directions given for testing water, whether it is good and drinkable:—"Good water should be free from colour, unpleasant odour, and taste, and should quickly afford a good lather with a small proportion of soap. If half a pint of the water be placed in a perfectly clean, colourless, glass-stoppered bottle, a few grains of the best white lump sugar added, and the bottle freely exposed to the daylight in the window of a warm room, the liquid should not become turbid, even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water become turbid it is open to grave suspicion of sewage contamination; but if it remain clear, it is almost certainly safe. We owe to Hirsch this simple, valuable, but hitherto strangely neglected test."

THE French Academy of Sciences has conferred the prix Barbier upon M. Andant, who, in conjunction with M. Personne, the chemist to the *Hôpital de la Pitié*, has recently discovered an antidote for poison by phosphorus. As is generally the case, the discovery was brought about by accidental circumstances. A man had swallowed a large quantity of phosphorus with the intention of destroying himself, and, finding the action of the poison too slow, he took about fifteen grammes of essence of turpentine, which counteracted the effect of the phosphorus as if by magic. This occurrence came to the knowledge of Mr. Andant, who investigated the matter, and ascertained that turpentine checked the combustion of the phosphorus. M. Personne took the matter up, and his experiments on several animals confirmed the accuracy of the conclusions arrived at by his confrère. The efficacy of this antidote against the external action of phosphorus has long been known in Germany, for in the manufactories where the latter is much used the workmen carry around their necks a phial containing essence of turpentine to protect the bones of the face from phosphoric action.

HOW A SURGICAL DISCOVERY WAS ACCIDENTALLY MADE.—The *Aertzliche Hausfreund* is responsible for the following account of the cruel misdeeds of a brutal woman leading to the discovery of an important method of performing painless surgical operations.

A wicked stepmother placed a net upon the head of her eleven year old stepdaughter, and compelled her to wear it for two weeks continuously. On the 5th of March, 1872, the girl, suffering with headache, was brought to the clinic of Professor Dr. Dittel. Dr. Dittel made a careful examination of the head and found a deep furrow plowed into the head, at the bottom of which was the elastic cord of the net, covered with little caruncles. The poor girl died of inflammation of the cerebral membrane, and upon dissection it was found that not only the pericranium but also even the skull bones were cut through as if with a sharp saw. This proved what power is exerted by elastic cords, and since then Dr. Dittel has employed them for cutting off tissues and removing swellings and tumors. By this gentle means, the patient does not lose a drop of blood, suffers scarcely any pain, has no fever, and soon gets well. This method seems to have a great future in store for it. Many patients are so horrified by the sight of the dreadful knife that the date of their recovery is postponed by it, even if they do not faint quite away.

### HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"A GOOD square meal, \$1; a perfect gorge, \$1.50c." [Sign in Michigan.]

SEE how wonderful are the ways of Nature in Illinois. A pair of boots costs just two loads of potatoes, and to raise potatoes just wears out two pairs of boots.

ONE of the bluest Bostonians, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this reply, "Certainly; which would you prefer, the housemaid or the cook?"

THE captain of an ocean steamer says that on Sundays at sea he always selects some clergyman to preach who looks as if he would get sick very easily, thus avoiding long sermons, and sparing the feelings and temper of his hearers.

WHEN you see a man who is hastening across a street to avoid a team, step on a piece of mud, and lose his balance, and come to the earth, and tear the skin from both his wrists, and smash his head against a post, you want to shout as quick as possible: "The more haste the less speed." Then you want to pick up your feet and get out of that neighborhood like lightning.

SOME chap thought he would play a joke on Brigham Young, so he gained access to the list of his wives, and added twenty-seven, named Mary Jane Young, Josephine Ann Young, Sarah Melinda Young, and so forth. The next time Brigham called the roll twenty-seven didn't answer to their names, so he concluded they had died since the last roll-call, and putting a few inches of crape on his hat, he looked as sad as possible, but has not yet detected the joke.

A FARMER and his wife called at a Detroit photograph gallery last week to order some photographs of her, and while the operator was getting ready, the husband gave the wife a little advice as to how she must act: "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spile the job. Think about early days, how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you! Jest fasten your mind on to that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.

DANIEL WEBSTER was a superior person, and, as a boy, smart. But he has a successor in his native New Hampshire who, if he live long enough, will, like DAN'L, find "room enough for himself on the top rung of the ladder." This youth, residing at Dover, refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear and gave it to him. Presently she asked, "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" THOMAS, not first-class as prevaricator, nobly replied, "Yes, mother, all but the seed."

### EPITAPH.

Stranger, pause—  
My tale attend,  
And learn the cause  
Of Hannah's end.

Across the world  
The winds did blow—  
She ketched a cold  
What laid her low.

We shed a quart  
Of tears, it's true,  
But life is short—  
Aged 82.

If a young man cannot pay his board-bill, and has no reasonable prospect of being able to pay it, we are inclined to think it his Christian duty to abscond. He need not, however, add insult to injury, like the youth who lately left his bed and board in Rutland, Vt., without paying for either. This wretch had not been long gone when his defrauded landlady received the following exasperating billet: "Miss A.—Please do not worry about me. Again I enjoy the comforts of a home. My present hash-maker improves on you considerably." It is a nice, moral question whether a defaulter has a right to sneer at any hash, however miscellaneous, which he has not paid for.

THE ways in which poor, harmless wives are deceived by marble-hearted husbands are many and dreadful;—and among the most dreadful cases of deception is this, which we grieve to relate. An Indiana wife, wearing only half a dozen pounds or so of somebody else's hair upon her head, became convinced that life wouldn't be worth having without the addition of a pound or two to the mass. Acting upon this conviction, she soon, by a series of conversations, persuaded her husband that his life wouldn't be worth having unless the said addition were immediately made. Capitulating gracefully, he sent home two "switches" from which the fair lady was to make her selection. But mark the wickedness of this abandoned man! Before dispatching them he carefully changed the tags upon which the price was marked, putting the twenty-five dollar tag upon the ten dollar switch, and vice versa. After a strict and severe examination of the two switches by his trusting wife and all her feminine friends, the one marked \$25 was naturally enough chosen. And that wretched man, that penurious fiend, exulted over his treachery to that gentle, lovely woman.

WHEN a woman puts three mackerel to soak over night in a dish-pan whose sides are eight inches high, and leaves the pan on a stairway, she has accomplished her mission and should go hence. This was what a Division street woman did Friday night. Filled the pan at the pump and then left it standing on the steps to the stoop, while she went into the next house to see how many buttons would be required to go

down the front of a redingote. And a mighty important affair that was to be sure. And there was her husband tearing through the house in search of a handkerchief, and not finding it of course. And then he rushed out into the yard, wondering where on earth that woman could be, and started down the steps without seeing the pan, or even dreaming that any one could be so idiotic as to leave it there. Of course he stepped on it; or, at least, that is the supposition, as the neighbors, who were brought out by the crash that followed, saw a horrified man, and a high dish-pan, and three very demoralized mackerel shooting across the garden, and smashing down the shrubbery. And he was a nice sight, was that unhappy man, when they got him on his feet. There wasn't a dry thread on him, and his hair was full of bits of mackerel, and one of his shoulders was out of joint, and his coat was split the whole length of his back, and he appeared to be out of his head. He was carried in the house by some of the men and laid on a bed, while others went after a doctor, and sixteen women assembled in the front room, and talked in whispers about the inscrutable ways of Providence, and what a warning this was to people who never looked where they were going.—*Danbury News.*

### OUR PUZZLER.

#### 35. CHARADE.

In every house my first is seen  
Close to the blazing fire;  
My next will give a word that means  
To reach or to acquire.  
By these two, when they are combined,  
A something will be shown,  
That, strange as it may seem to be,  
You cannot make alone.

#### 36. CONUNDRUM.

If a man were to cheat at a card-party, what musician would he remind you of?

#### 37. CHARADE.

Fair maid, I must leave thee; but ere I depart,  
A question I'd ask thee, to lighten my heart—  
That heart which thou hast in love's sweet  
stream immersed:  
Say, may I be thy—can'st thou guess what?—  
my first?

Oh! give me a token to mind me of thee  
When distance shall part us! Say, what shall  
it be?  
May I beg that small tie that thy fair throat  
bedecks?  
Or a part, say one third, thou wilt then have—  
my next.

And gold I will give thee! Nay, doubt not my  
word;  
For see, pretty sceptic, my purse is my third.  
Right gladly I'd hail thee the queen of my soul.  
For thou art, sweet damsel, yes, thou art my  
whole.

#### 38. CONTRARY MEANINGS.

Find, without the aid of a dictionary, a word which means to separate and to unite. The English language contains many instances of words having directly contrary significations.

#### 39. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

For my second my first has been famed  
From ages that are now long done;  
And I think that I cannot be blam'd  
For stating that this one's no fun.

1. In common use it has always been,  
And yet it means but what I have seen.
2. If the day is wet, or gloomy the sky,  
We take this with us, that we may be dry.
3. I heard it by the river, I heard it in the  
city,  
It was a sad and plaintive sound, but yet to  
me 'twas pretty.
4. Unless you thus address a matron,  
You will not get a lady patron.
5. He thought that if he married  
'Twould be a heavenly bliss;  
He soon found out his error—  
His happiness was this.
6. What the wealthy man is,  
What the poor man isn't;  
Tho' I can't say myself  
That it is always pleasant.

#### 40. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A man's name; a town in Denmark; law-  
ful; fix; a female name.
2. A city of Hungary; an iron ore; a man's  
name; a short time; a heathen diety.
3. A river in England; a wanderer; a town  
in Portugal; a town in France; mark out.

#### 41. ENIGMA.

Give me a charge to hold security,  
I'm bound to keep it well;  
Lend me your wealth, 'tis safe, most surely  
I will no secret tell.  
The crafty thief in vain shall try  
To cheat my ever watchful eye.  
See a dark shadow planted  
Round bright intelligence;  
See beauty's token granted—  
Woman's inheritance.  
Bright as silver, soft as down,  
A midnight black, an autumn brown.  
A barge, with traffic laden,  
Glides leisurely along;  
On the green bank lists the maiden  
The gay boatman's song.  
Barge nor boatman pass me by,  
Till I see them drawing nigh.

Stern, and stamped with intellect,  
Tutor severe am I;  
Wandering thoughts and minds collect,  
Shallow reasonings try.  
Listen, listen unto me,  
You shall listen consistently.

#### 42. LETTER PUZZLES.

1. Name two words in the English language, eight letters in each, only one syllable, the other five syllables.
2. Name the longest word in the English language.
3. Name a word of three letters, transpose whichever way possible will form a distinct word.
4. Name a word containing all the vowels in rotation.

#### 43. CHARADE.

Go to the woods, and view the ground—  
My first is seen spread all around.  
Go to the city, and amidst its noise,  
My first is seen with its sorrows and joys.  
Go to the pole, and amidst its snows,  
My first is seen as it upward grows.  
Upon the earth in ev'ry form,  
My first is seen in calm or storm.  
Go the shore of the wide-spread ocean,  
My next may be seen in quiv'ring motion.  
Go to the stream where it quickly speeds,  
My next is seen as it forward leads.  
Go to the sea when the wind is howling,  
And the clouds are darkly and gloomily scowling:  
When the tempest is raging with all its might,  
My whole may be seen prepared for the fight.

#### 44. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1. Behold one stricken with disease,  
That robs the victim of all ease.
2. A saying by each one revered  
To whom its meaning has appeared.
3. This tells of loud and boisterous sound,  
With which great London doth abound.
4. 'Mongst the monks a certain order,  
Of which I am the recorder.
5. On music's page I have a place,  
Suggesting how to play with grace.
6. This term implies a faith that's good,  
Owning the one true brotherhood.
7. A king who, quite without occasion,  
Founded abbies by persuasion.
8. Sweetly scented, favorite flowers,  
These should always deck our bowers.

As these words do follow on,  
The initials now read down;  
They reveal a name well known,  
Specially to London town.  
Then the finals you must take—  
You will find that they all make  
One who has an equal fame,  
And whose calling was the same;  
But he long has passed away,  
Tho' the other lives to-day.  
The mid letters read down, too,  
Then their calling comes in view.

#### 45. SQUARE WORDS.

1. What we all do; what we all do; what we  
all like; a bird.
2. A water bird; an English river; a Spanish  
mountain; another bird.
3. A noble bird; to beckon; to declare; what  
we get every day.

#### 46. ENIGMA.

A brave steed carries me on his neck,  
And tosses me to the wind;  
On he presses, and out I stream  
In a fluttering flag behind.  
I bear on my breast a thousand ships,  
White sails on my azure robe;  
And carry the treasures of commerce and love  
To the uttermost ends of the globe.  
What am I? You may not guess me by chance,  
But by brain thought, steady and true;  
Yet, at least, if I be not chance itself,  
I'm the chance that we all look to.

#### 47. LOGOGRIPH.

Striped complete, in rows and rows,  
An untamed steed I roam;  
Cut off my head, my limbs transpose,  
And banish me from home,  
I still am wild, though every child  
That's born is just what I am;  
And every man, do what he can,  
Must always die et diem.

#### ANSWERS.

8. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Cleopatra and Aristotle, thus:—Creusa, Luxor, Euclid curtailed (Eucl), Orleans, Pilot, Apollo, Target, Raphael, Alne.
9. LOGOGRIPH.—Chair, hair, air, I.
10. CHARADES.—1. Skylark. 2. Mansion.
11. ARITHMOREM.—Herschel, thus:—Howard, Evil, Rutland, Spurious, Catrine, Hector, Eternal, Lifford.
12. CONUNDRUMS.—1. It is a week-day (weak Dey). 2. A sty (e) in the eye. 3. He is nicely dressed, and "done brown." 4. The one is a nice die; the other a dy-nasty. 5. Yes; because "Where there's a will there's a way (weigh)."
13. RIDDLE-MA-REE.—Tobacco.
14. CHARADES.—1. Agincourt. 2. Arrow-root.
3. Tooth-ache.
15. ANAGRAMS ON STATESMEN.—1. The Earl of Derby. 2. Benjamin Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer. 3. Lord Stanley, Foreign Secretary. 4. Spencer Horatio Walpole. 5. Sir Stafford Northcote, President of the Board of Trade. 6. Lord Stanley of Alderly. 7. Earl de Grey and Ripon. 8. The Duke of Argyll. 9. Sir Hugh Cairns, Attorney-General. 10. George Patton, the Lord-Advocate of Scotland. 11. Charles Pellam Villiers. 12. Marquis of Hartington.



## THE FOILED REVENGE.

A proud, stern man was Geoffrey Peyton, and rich withal, in wealth and honors. He had won distinction at the bar and on the bench.

How deeply his proud heart had suffered, those familiar only with his cold and haughty bearing would have been surprised to know.

Not very early in life he married one whom he had long loved with an ardent devotion, often characteristic of men like him, and of which weaker natures are incapable.

In his early struggles with poverty, he had kept his love a secret.

He would have suffered his heart to break sooner than have had it whispered he was seeking advancement through an alliance with rich old Ronald Mason's daughter.

But when he could hold up his head with the highest in the land, he no longer hesitated to speak the words he had been so many years waiting to utter, and which Alice Mason had been as many waiting to hear.

A few years of unalloyed felicity followed their marriage.

Though proud and stern as ever to the outside world, not the same man was Geoffrey Peyton at home, his wife by his side and his bright-eyed boy prattling on his knee.

There he forgot his pride, save that he felt in those he loved, forgot fame and ambition and greatness, and remembered only that he was happy.

Then came a blow which fell none the lighter on the proud man's head, because he gave no sign of yielding.

Death crossed his threshold and took from him first his wife and then his child.

The last of these bereavements was peculiarly distressing.

The child had gone for a walk with his nurse by the river side, and in a moment of inattention on the part of the nurse, had strayed out of sight.

Soon after, his hat was found floating on the water.

Alarm was given; search was made; the river was dragged; but in vain.

The child was nowhere to be found.

The body, in all likelihood, had been borne out by the tide.

Geoffrey Peyton bore his loss in silence.

What his grief was no one knew, for no one was permitted to look upon it, and sympathy he would have resented as an impertinence.

Years sped, and Geoffrey Peyton had become an old man.

At his death, his large fortune would descend by law to a distant relative, a young man whose avarice kept him free from all costly vices, and who, most vices being costly, enjoyed, in consequence, an excellent reputation.

But Mr. Peyton had opinions of his own as to the disposition of his property.

Like many men of his caste, he had an aversion to the division of estates; and while not inclined to disinherit his kinsman, of whom he knew nothing but his reputation, which we have already said, was good, there was one other whose claims he felt it would be unjust to overlook.

He had brought up in his house, and in some sort adopted, Gertrude Gray, the orphan daughter of an old friend to whom he had been beholden in his days of struggle, and who had died, leaving his only child destitute.

Mr. Peyton's plan, duly set forth in his will, was to settle his property, in equal portions, on Gertrude and his kinsman, provided they married each other in a given period.

If either declined the match, the share of the one declining was to go to the other; and if both declined, the whole was given in trust for certain charities.

Three years after the occurrences of which we are now to speak, George Hayne had sought and obtained employment of Mr. Peyton as his secretary.

The young man proved faithful and diligent, manifesting, moreover, qualities of intellect, which induced his employer to encourage the devotion of his leisure time to a course of legal study.

George made so good use of his opportunities, that by the end of two years he was prepared for admission to the bar.

He had learned other things besides law in the meantime.

He had learned, for instance, how pretty Gertrude Gray was, and how devotedly he loved her; though he was too straightforward to tell her so without first asking permission of Mr. Peyton, with whom, at last, he sought an interview for that purpose.

Modestly, but unreservedly, the young man explained the state of his feeling, and was about to express the hope that he might be allowed to speak to Gertrude herself on the subject, when Mr. Peyton cut it short.

"Is this the return you make for my confidence," he exclaimed—"you, whom I have trusted and taken so much interest in?"

"I am unconscious, sir, of having abused your trust, or ill-requited your kindness," replied the youth, with a touch of the other's pride in his manner; "nor can I perceive aught that is reprehensible in the honest attachment I have this day declared for Gertrude Gray."

"Would you do her a real service?"

"I would die for her!" said George earnestly.

"You can do her a greater favor at less cost," returned the other dryly.

"Name it."

"Never see her—never speak to her. I am not one lightly to make or break a promise; and I solemnly promise that, should you repeat your foolish avowal to Gertrude, and should she be weak enough to listen to it, instead of bringing you the fortune with which it has been my promise to endow her, she shall come to you a beggar like yourself."

"You do me rank injustice," answered George, whose cheek flushed, "by the intimation which has just escaped you. I have never thought of Miss Gray with an eye to any prospects she may have in connection with your fortune. I have loved her for her own sake."

"Then for her sake desist from a scheme which, if successful, must reduce her to beggary. If you possess a tithe of the selfishness you profess, you will heed this warning and go your way. I have other plans for Gertrude."

A moment's reflection convinced George that, harsh as Mr. Peyton's word were, in one respect they were just.

It would be selfishness to persist in seeking happiness at the cost of her whom he pretended to love.

"I shall leave this place to-morrow," he said, and turned away.

The morning papers announced the loss of a great steamer, bound for San Francisco.

Nearly all on board had perished; and among the names of the lost was that of George Hayne.

Gertrude Gray swooned when she read it, and Mr. Peyton felt not quite easy in his conscience.

That evening, as he sat moodily in his study, he was interrupted by a visitor, a woman, whose form, once tall, was bent with age, and whose wrinkled face and wild eye had something sinister in them.

"Pray be seated, and explain the reason of your visit, madam," said Mr. Peyton, pointing to a chair.

Taking the proffered seat, she remained for a time silent, gazing intently on the face before her.

Time had graven deep lines upon it, and sorrow deeper still.

As she perused them, a smile of satisfaction, more like a shadow than a smile, flitted over her countenance.

"You had a son once," she said.

The lines grew deeper on the face she was studying, and a pained expression came over it.

"I, too, had a son," she continued, "an only one, as yours was. In a sudden affair, he had the misfortune, in a moment of passion, to slay his antagonist, who was quite as blamable as himself. The jury decided it murder, but recommended him to mercy. Others joined in a petition for clemency. My boy's life was in your hands. I begged it of you on my knees. The law had intrusted you with the dispensation of mercy, but you had no mercy. You turned aside from my prayers, and my son was left to die a felon's death."

Geoffrey Peyton remembered now the face that had often haunted him since the day it had been turned pleadingly upon him, and vividly recalled the look of anguish it had worn when he spoke the relentless words that crushed hope out of a mother's heart.

"That day," she resumed, "I took an oath to make you feel, if possible, all I then felt. I stole away your child."

"My child!—is he alive?"

"Listen. I stole away your child, and left you to mourn him as dead. I took him to a distance and reared him as my own. I bore no malice towards him. I only hated you. I brought him up tenderly, educated him as my moderate means would allow, and felt thankful that in inflicting punishment on the father, I had been enabled to do it with so little injury to the child."

"Is he alive?" cried the old man, piteously.

"Speak woman!—have you no mercy?"

"You had none when I sought to appeal to it," she answered. "That your son is not alive, and that your conscience may accuse you of his death, is the reason I am here. The young man you drove away because he presumed to love one for whom your pride had prepared other plans, was your own son! Before he went, he confided to me the cause of his going; and on reading the announcement of his fate, I resolved that you should feel again the agony of a parent's bereavement, heightened now by the sting of remorse."

"Your story is false," he cried, springing up—"a devilish invention, gotten up to torture me! But I will put you to the proof. My son bore a mark upon his person, put there clandestinely by an old nurse in India, when we travelled in that country, who attached some superstition to it. If the child you say you reared was my son, you must have seen and can describe that mark."

"A serpent's head, and some strange characters, in Indian ink, on the left arm below the elbow," was the answer.

Geoffrey Peyton staggered, and fell into the chair from which he had risen.

He seemed as one stunned by a terrible blow. The woman stood over him for a moment, peering down into his anguish-stricken face with a look of triumph, and then walked quietly away.

"Good news! good news!" cried Gertrude, bursting into the room. "The evening paper corrects the report of this morning. George Hayne is among the saved."

But her words were heeded not.

The old man lay in his chair unconscious.

He was placed upon his bed; and on return-

ing to himself, and being informed of George's safety—

"Send for him," he whispered, eagerly—"let there be no delay."

Then he called for his will, and, when it was brought, kept it in his hand.

"Has he come yet?" was the question he repeated, as often as he had strength.

When at last the young man came, and was conducted to his late employer's bedside, the latter, with eager, trembling hands, turned back the sleeve of George's coat so as to expose the left arm.

"My Ernest!—my son!" he exclaimed.

And raising himself with sudden strength, he clasped the young man to his breast.

"Bear witness, all," he said; "this is my son. These marks," pointing to certain devices tattooed on George's arm, "prove it, as does the testimony of the woman who stole him away and reared him as her own, and whom I saw and conversed with last night. It now only remains to cancel this," taking his will and tearing it in fragments.

Geoffrey Peyton would fain have lived for his son's sake, but it was not to be.

The recent shock proved too much for his strength, and, not many days after, he sank to rest in Ernest's arms.

Ernest Peyton and Gertrude Gray, in due time, were happily married.

What became of the distant relative we don't know, and don't suppose anybody cares.

## MARRIAGE RINGS.

The wedding ring has been in use from a very early date, and Clement of Alexandria explains it as "still intended for a 'signet'"—a seal which stamps the bond or covenant entered into between man and wife. In addition to this it is a symbol:

And as this round is nowhere found  
To flaw or else to sever,  
So let our love as endless prove,  
And pure as gold for ever.

Or, as an old writer says: "The ring is a pretty mystic type, and suggests a great deal to a lively fancy. Thus, being round, it is obviously a symbol of perfection and of eternity, having neither beginning nor end that we can see, and is of course a proper emblem of love, that usually begins without notice and ought always to be without end." Not only in itself is it symbolic; so is the place where it is worn. The right hand indicates authority and power, it is therefore put on the left, to signify that the woman is in subjection to her husband. It encircles the fourth finger, to denote that not only does she obey, but love, since it was an idea that through it was thus made to pass the strongest and warmest current of the heart's blood. Another reason, it is true, can be given why this, as every *ex-officio* ring, should be worn on the fourth finger. It is the first "vacant finger." The thumb and two first are reserved as symbols of the Trinity. This explanation receives confirmation from the ancient marriage ritual, for according to it the bridegroom placed the ring on the top of the left hand thumb with the words "In the name of the Father," removing it to the forefinger, saying, "and of the Son," then to the middle finger as he said "and of the Holy Ghost;" and at last, as he pronounced the word "Amen," leaving it on the fourth finger. Still another reason might be given why this finger was chosen. The ring fingers are thus described by an old authority: "For a soldier or doctor, the thumb; a sailor, the finger next; a fool, the middle finger; a married or diligent person, the fourth or ring finger; a lover, the last or little finger." So the position of the marriage ring may, as some think, symbolise the duty of the wife to give all diligence to the fulfilment of her household work. Among Catholics there is a form of consecrating marriage rings, and the superstitions have ascribed to them many virtues, such as that if a sty in the eye be rubbed with one of them it will disappear. There is an old proverb, "As your wedding ring wears, your cares will wear away." May all good wives find this to be their happy experience!

## HOW TO SEE ONE'S OWN BRAIN.

Dr. Fraser Halle communicates a remarkable discovery, showing how it may be possible to see one's own brain, to the *English Mechanic and World of Science*. Some 40 years since, Purkinje observed that by passing a candle to and fro several times by the side of the eye the air in front became a kind of screen on which was reflected what was then supposed to be a magnified image of part of the retina. Sir C. (then Mr.) Wheatstone believed it to be, Professor Mayo reports ("Physiology," p. 276), the shadow of the vascular network. Mayo thought it was an image of the blood-vessels of the retina. Sir Benjamin Brodie, to whom Dr. Halle wrote on the subject, could not identify it with any part of the retina, and said that it was to him utterly incomprehensible. By means of more careful drawings, especially those in Carpenter's "Manual" and Gray's "Student's Anatomy," Dr. Fraser Halle resumed the exploration a week or two since, and has succeeded in identifying the oculus spectrum with the representations of the interior lobe of the cerebrum. The spectrum consists, he has long observed, of red convolutions with dark interspaces, among which a whitish admixture is

sometimes visible. These, he now says, constitute exactly the image of convolutes of the anterior lobe of the cerebrum, with the sulci between them, as given by Gray in his and Dr. Carpenter's drawing of the base of the brain. To observe this discovery one should move the candle to and fro about four inches below the eye, and about three and a quarter inches from the face. When the movement ceases the undulations also cease, and the image disappears. A reddish mist appears first, and the image is soon developed and defined. Night is the best time for it; but it can be seen in a dark place faintly in the daytime. Dr. Fraser Halle noticed this oculus spectrum and its mystery some years since in a lecture on "The Emotions," which he delivered at the South-Western Literary Institute, Nine-elms; and suspected then that it might represent part of the living human brain.

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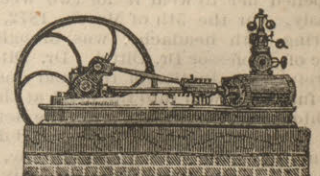
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